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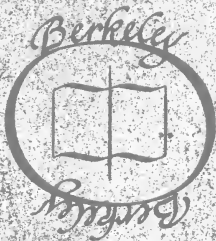
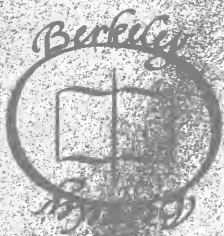
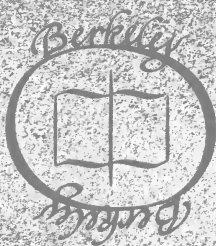
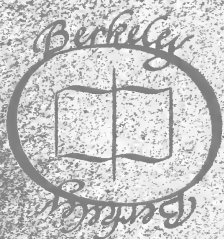


For out of olde felles ab men seith  
 Cometh al this newe conffo peer to pere  
 And out of olde bores in good seith  
 Cometh al this newe science that men here

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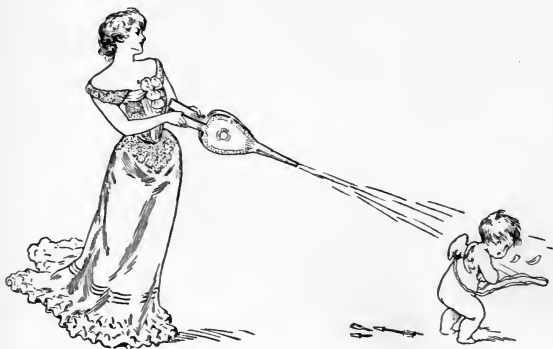






*IN MERRY*

*MEASURE*



*by* TOM MASSON



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Life Pub. Co.

### TO ZULETTE

**M***Y dear, your face was meant to kiss,  
By one, selected for such bliss—  
Just one—and I should—well, rejoice  
If you would let ME make that choice.*



# IN MERRY MEASURE

by

TOM MASSON

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NEW YORK  
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## FIFTEEN MINUTES TO SPARE

**A**T exactly fifteen minutes to eight  
His step was heard at the garden gate.

And then with heart that was light and gay,  
He laughed to himself in a jubilant way

And rang the bell for the maiden trim  
Who'd promised to go to the play with him ;

And told the maid with a joyous air,  
To say there were fifteen minutes to spare.

And then for fifteen minutes he sat  
In the parlor dim, and he held his hat,

And waited and sighed for the maiden trim  
Who'd promised to go to the play with him,

Until, as the clock overhead struck eight  
He muttered : " Great Scott, it is getting late ; "

And took a turn on the parlor floor  
And waited for fifteen minutes more ;

And swore to himself in a dubious way  
And thought of those seats in the front parquet,—  
And midnight came and the break of day.

That day and the next and the next one too,  
He sat and waited the long hours through.

Then time flew on and the years sped by,  
And still he sat with expectant eye

And lengthening beard, for the maiden trim  
Who'd promised to go to the play with him ;

Until one night, as with palsied hand  
He sat in a chair, for he couldn't stand,

And drummed in an aimless way, she came  
And opened the door with her withered frame.

The moon's bright rays touched the silvered hair  
Of her who had fifteen minutes to spare.

And then in tones that he strained to hear  
She spoke, and she said : “ Are you ready, dear? ”



## THE VICTOR

**T**HREE riders raced on the broad highway :  
The Devil, a woman, a man ;  
And spurring his steed, laughed the Devil gay :  
“ Come, follow me, ye who can ! ”

Three riders raced, and the stakes were Sin,  
Over the broad highway ;  
And the Devil was second in coming in—  
For the woman led the way.





*Drawn by C. D. Gibson.*

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REASSURED

## REASSURED

“**Y**OU are so very clever,”  
He said, “I sometimes fear  
In culture I will never  
Keep up with you, my dear.

“Your mind is scientific,  
And philosophic, too ;  
Your thoughts are so prolific  
I stand in awe of you.

“The things that I conjecture,  
To you are stories old ;  
On many themes you lecture  
On which I am—well, cold.

“And so I sometimes wonder,  
In those dim future hours,  
When we have stepped out yonder,  
Beyond the altar flowers,

“If, after all, we’re fated  
Congenial souls to be—  
Sweetheart, will you feel mated  
With such an one as me ? ”

“You silly boy ! How funny  
You talk,” she cried. “Pray heed.  
The art of making money  
Is really all *you* need.”

--

## HER FRIEND

'TWAS in the Boston fast express a little maiden  
sat ;

She occupied the seat alone ; beside her lay her hat.  
She clutched her dolly to her breast in childish mother  
play,

As if she feared some dreadful giant would snatch it  
right away.

“ Are you alone, my little girl ? ” I asked, as I stooped  
down.

“ My mamma told me Dod was here, ” she said with  
half a frown.

“ She tised me an' my dolly, an' I dess I don't know  
you. ”

“ But, dear, ” I answered smiling, “ tell me where  
you're going to. ”

She twisted in her seat, and then she tossed her tangled  
hair.

“ I'm doin' on to Boston, an' my pop'll meet me  
there. ”

“ But, dear, ” I questioned gently, “ if the choo-choo  
cars should stop,

“ And you should walk, and walk, and walk and then  
not find your pop,

What would you do ? ” The little maiden shook her  
head and frowned.

“ My mamma says when pop is gone, that Dod is  
somewhere round. ”

---

The train rolled into Boston town. I waited there  
awhile

And watched my little blue eyes, with her half-  
expectant smile.

“Dess waitin’ for my pop,” she said, “with dolly  
fast asleep.”  
And then a man came rushing in. I knew him by  
his leap.  
He snatched his little daughter up with frantic, feverish  
glee ;  
And then with father’s instinct, quick his eye was  
turned on me.  
“Well, Bess,” he asked, “who is your friend ?”  
With quaint, expressive nod  
The maid replied : “I dess I know. I *finck* it mus’  
be Dod.”

## VISITORS

MY mind is an aquarium  
That’s full of funny fish ;  
I love to sit and have them come,  
Obedient to my wish.

Sometimes these fish are beautiful,  
With colors gay and bright,  
And then, again, they are quite dull,  
And not a pleasant sight.

They’re liveliest at feeding time ;  
I give them hopes and fears :  
Nutritious thoughts, an idle rhyme—  
But they prefer ideas.

My mind is an aquarium  
The finny tribes invest,  
And yet, of all the fish that come,  
I love the mermaids best.



“THE SMOKE OF BATTLE”

## THE REGULAR ARMY O

**T**HE smoke of the battle fills the air and the dust is  
flying high ;  
We give three cheers for the volunteers and the men  
about to die.  
For the heroes brave whom we know, we wave, as  
they charge in gallant style,  
And we shout hurrah for the chance of war and the  
favor of Fortune's smile.  
And the glorious deeds that the reader reads are the  
things we all may know :  
But not so plain is the might and main of the Regular  
Army O.

On the nation's tongue are the words unsung of this  
silent, moving mass.  
Yet the victories won by heart and gun might never  
have come to pass  
If their measured swing and their rifles' ring had not  
been there that day  
To bear the brunt at the battle's front in the Regular  
Army way.  
We give three cheers for the volunteers as they charge  
o'er a fallen foe—  
It were better still if our throats might fill for the  
Regular Army O.

In 'Time's great mint, when the circling glint of the  
glory coins is seen,  
It's lustre will strike on the boys, alike as their glori-  
ous deeds have been.  
And as sure as Fate metes out to the great their fullest  
measure of right,

There shall be no song, but a record long of the ones  
who trained to fight.  
There shall be no dime in the mint of Time struck out  
in the afterglow,  
But an eagle of gold shall be unrolled for the Regular  
Army O.

## THE LONGEST WAY AROUND

A SIGN-POST at the forkéd road  
Of Time stood grim and gray,  
And to the post a traveller strode,  
In doubt which was the way.

One road led up the stony hill,  
The other road led down :  
The downward road to Luckyville,  
And up, to Hardshiptown.

T'ward Luckyville he set his face,  
Yet, even as he turned,  
A traveller coming from that place  
His hopeful eyes discerned.

He waited till the other came,  
The steeper road to take.  
“ Is Luckyville,” he said, “ so tame,  
That you its joys forsake ? ”

“ Not so,” the stranger quick replied,  
As up the hill he went.

“ That sign was wrong : I know, who've tried  
The rash experiment.

“ I'm going up this stony hill.  
Already I've been down,  
And find the way to Luckyville  
Is 'round through Hardshiptown.”



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### TO A FAIR SAINT

FOR forty tedious days drawn out,  
O most perverse of misses  
(Your sacrifice you say it was)  
You've kept from me your kisses.

And now you come with lips held up  
To mine—your penance over—  
You'd have me leave the arid sands  
And dwell once more in clover.

But has it been an arid sand  
For me while you've been fasting  
Dear me, so far as I'm concerned,  
Your penance can be lasting.

Sahara was too much for me,  
It had too dry a basis,  
And while you fasted, dear, I found  
A dimpled, sweet oasis.

## TWO VIOLETS

**I**N a field apart two violets bloomed,  
And over their heads the tall grass loomed.

And there came one day a frolicsome breeze  
That parted the grass so they saw the trees,

And catching a glimpse of the world outside  
They chafed at the fate that had kept them tied

To a nook obscure in a gloomy dell  
Where scarcely a drop of dew ere fell,

And they drooped their heads, for they longed to see  
What the wonderful world outside might be.

When lo! as it happened, a maiden strayed  
Close by where the breeze with the violets played

And seeing but one,—for they grew apart—  
She pressed it close to her throbbing heart

And took it away : and the flower was glad :  
But the one that was left behind was sad,

And drooped its sorrowful head and pined  
And paid no heed to the whispering wind.

Until, as it chanced next day once more  
The maiden came, and her breast still bore

The faded one that she'd taken away  
With a song in its heart but yesterday

And seeing its brother growing free,  
It cried with its dying breath “ Ah me !

I've seen the world, and behold my fate,  
So hide your head ere it be too late."

But the one that was left said : " I'm not afraid,"  
And lifted its face to the merry maid.

" To-morrow I'll be content to die,  
But let me now to the gay world fly."

### AFTER THE PLAY

**T**HE door is closed upon thy face—  
Alas ! the evening's over.  
And as my steps I homeward trace  
I know for four short hours my place  
Has been, dear one, in clover.

How simply sweet you were ! what grand  
Ambitions, feelings, filled me !  
And when you touched me with your hand  
Perhaps you did not understand  
Just how, my love, you thrilled me.

You thrilled me, dear, and yet I feel  
So hopeless now, so saddened,  
Discouraged, down at mouth and heel,  
And dismal shadows o'er me steal :  
No more can I be gladdened.

For with myself I'm all at rout :  
My confidence is shaken  
Because I came away in doubt  
And left you, dearest one, without  
That kiss I might have taken.



SAINT AND SINNER.

## SAINT AND SINNER

**H**ALF hidden in the pew, she sits.  
A truant sunbeam softly flits  
Across her modest, saint-like face,  
As if the angels thought to trace  
Upon those features that they love  
An Easter blessing from above.  
Demure, with modest eyes downcast  
My angel sits. Ah, I would fast  
For forty days for just one look  
From those sweet eyes bent on the book ;  
And if she'd give me three or four,  
I'd be content to eat no more.

### HER THOUGHTS

Those horrid aisles (that dress is brown),  
I wish those people would sit down.  
Now where could she have got that fan ?  
Oh, I suppose some silly man.  
Dear, dear, that choir-boy has a cold.  
How that man stares ! He's really bold.  
My bonnet, can it have a crook ?  
I wish I'd taken one more look.  
Umph ! Who is that with the Pratts ?  
What sights they are in those new hats.  
There's Percy—won't he be enraged

When Clara tells him she's engaged.  
My ! What a fright Bess is in blue ;  
It cost her ninety dollars, too ;  
Well, I paid eighty (what a muss !  
But then pa always makes a fuss).  
Oh my, there's Smithy—such a face !  
(Those horrid psalms ! I've lost my place).

I hope his sermon won't be long ;  
The poor, dear fellow isn't strong.  
Why, there is Fred ! Dear me, what next ?  
I hope I won't forget the text.

## BROADWAY

O STREET of Gotham, famed afar !  
Thou vinous vein of human fate  
Of Sin is there such plethora  
That makes thy way so broad and straight ?

Upon thy flinty paving stones  
I gaze, yet may I not forget  
Above the laughter and the moans  
The face of man is harder yet.

Broadway ! Thou Babel of the age  
What one is there with strain profuse  
Who could, upon a printed page  
Thy alien echoes reproduce ?

Broadway ! There goes the millionaire,  
The beggar crouches at his side,  
And in thy red stream his despair  
The hopeless bankrupt seeks to hide.

Broadway ! In furs and furbelows  
My lady from her carriage glides  
And yet no gap thy current shows  
O street ! so swiftly move thy tides.

Save as some wrinkled woman's heart  
Where want has set its lines of strife  
May note my lady act her part,  
Such are the rags and lace of life.

Broadway! The glare of painted face,  
The fleck and foam above the storm,  
The inward shudder of disgrace  
The outward flash of flesh and form.

The warrior, statesman, actor, peer,  
World puppets born in discontent,  
The Saxon, Celt, the sage, the seer—  
New England and the Orient ;

And like some guardian of the law  
There strides thy monarch bold, O street,  
With cloven foot, insatiate maw—  
Proud Satan, smiling, on his beat!

## SONG OF A WINNER

*(With apologies to Poe.)*

**H**EAR the players with their chips—  
Ivory chips—  
What a music's in them as they pass the finger-tips !  
How they jingle, jingle, jingle  
In the humid air of night !  
Sometimes melting to a single  
While the winners' voices mingle  
With a crystalline delight.  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme

To the tintinnabulation that so musically slips  
From the chips, chips, chips, chips,  
Chips, chips, chips—  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the chips.



### THE ONE THING NEEDFUL

**T**HIS maiden does not care for Browning ;  
She's voted Tennyson a bore ;  
At Ibsen's name I've seen her frowning,  
And heaven knows how many more  
Of those among the world's immortals  
Would have no welcome for their pains,  
If I should lead them o'er the portals  
Of that sweet home wherein she reigns.  
Pray do not think her dull. She's clever,  
She may not know a madrigal,  
And yet I do not think that ever  
Was maiden more original.



How different I ! For while she's swinging  
Around to some new waltz divine,  
Alone unto my books I'm clinging,  
Like musty cobwebs to old wine.

And while, in accents always jolly,  
On commonplaces she can dwell,  
I, slightly tinged with melancholy,  
Am wondering how she talks so well.

And yet I do not mind confessing  
I'm satisfied, and so is she.  
That we are not alike's a blessing—  
For I love her, and she loves me.

### FRIENDSHIP

ONE day my bookish zeal led me to look  
Through the rough pages of a dog's-eared book,  
That lay, with many others, on a stand  
Where musty volumes posed as second hand.  
A friend, a fellow of the nicest taste,  
Was with me, and entreated me to haste ;  
Yet, ere he snatched me from the tome, I caught  
From its stained leaves the kernel of a thought.

That thought I took away, and when night came  
I mused : “ How small is friendship, and how tame !  
I've known my friend for years, and yet I wis  
He never gave me such a thought as this.

Next day, once more I passed the book-stall by,  
Again the musty volume caught my eye.  
My friend was not in sight. With furtive joy  
I took it up as children clutch a toy ;  
And then I saw, half stricken out with age  
His name engraved upon the title-page.



“WHAT’S GOING ON IN BROADWAY TOWN.”

## TO NEW YORK

(BY AN EXILE.)

NEW YORK, I miss thee ! There’s no joy  
Nor happiness about me !  
New York, thou art life’s best alloy,  
’Tis hard to do without thee.

What’s going on in Broadway town  
Is all that’s worth revealing.  
I’d give—well, more than half a crown  
To have that nervous feeling.

Corrupt thou art—yet out of reach !  
To dwell in thee (so pitied !)  
I’d listen to the dryest speech  
The Lotus Club permitted.

To feel thy Elevated's crush,  
With bones by practice rounded  
To wade once more thy streets of slush  
Would be a joy unbounded.

Ah! Could I breathe thy humid air,  
So far from antiseptic!  
Could I but read thy bills of fare  
And be once more dyspeptic!

New York, I miss thee! Keen the pain  
To absence thou art giving.  
Would I might be with thee again,  
Beyond my income living!

## HER AUNT

MISS LUCY sits and twists her thread,  
And then she lifts her pretty head  
To glance across the brief expanse  
Between my mansion and her aunt's.

From her back window I can see  
Miss Lucy cast a look at me;  
I wonder if I throw a kiss,  
'Twill fright away the pretty miss?

The kiss is thrown—Miss Lucy blushes,  
And from the window quick she rushes;  
But Cupid, ever seeking glory,  
Mounts upward to the second story,  
And I, his footsteps following see  
Her aunt return the kiss to me.



“AND TALKS THE TIME AWAY.”

### PROFUNDITY

**S**HE sits within an old armchair  
And talks the time away,  
Of novels nice, the latest air,  
The newest buds, the play.

She rattles on and on, and then  
I know she wonders why  
I am so quiet and solemn, when  
Her spirits are so high.

Ah ! fair one, blame me not too much,  
I know it's not the thing  
For me to scorn thy beauty's touch  
And give no answering ring.

And yet my thought's so deep, I swear  
It's hard to talk to you,  
For I am thinking how that chair  
Might easily hold two.

## INVOCATION TO THE YEAR

WHEN Nature seeks with fond caressing  
To clothe the earth in vernal dressing,  
Give us, we beg, an Easter blessing !

On May the first, when moving traces  
Can be discerned upon our faces,  
Move us, we pray, to better places !

When Summer girls get tired of rowing,  
And take to reading and to sewing,  
Give them some men to keep things going !

In Autumn, when the trees grow thinner,  
And leaves descend on saint and sinner,  
Give us a good Thanksgiving dinner !

And when, in hoary old December,  
We sit before the dying ember,  
Give us a Christmas to remember !



## MAY

**W**HEN I was but a toddling boy, the months  
were all the same ;

In blissful ignorance I played, and cared not when  
they came.

July the Fourth, or April First, or Christmas Day to  
me

Were points upon my line of life. The months ?  
What might they be ?

But now, above all other months there is one month,  
I say,

I always greet with terror ; 'tis the merry month of  
May.

I wake up in the morning with the first rays of the  
sun ;

I know that I'll be moving out before the day is done.

I know the carpets will come up, the pictures will  
come down,

I know I'll step a dozen times upon my wife's best  
gown.

Of all the months in all the year, deliver me, I pray,  
From this most trying month of all, the merry month  
of May.

In tennis trousers and dress coat, to pack the chattels  
while

The maid of all work superintends, with patronizing  
smile ;

To dicker with the driver of the gaudy moving van,

To eat one's dinner on the floor, drink coffee from a  
can.

O dismal season of the year ! how gay, how very gay,  
I'll feel when it is past and gone, this merry month of  
May.

When I go up aloft, I think in May I'd like to go ;  
For May's the month Fate has ordained that we should  
    move in, so  
I've pictured to myself a slab—I want no granite  
pile—  
With just a plain inscription and a paucity of style.  
In good plain type upon that stone, I'd like to have  
    you say :  
“ Deceased has finished moving in the merry month of  
    May.”

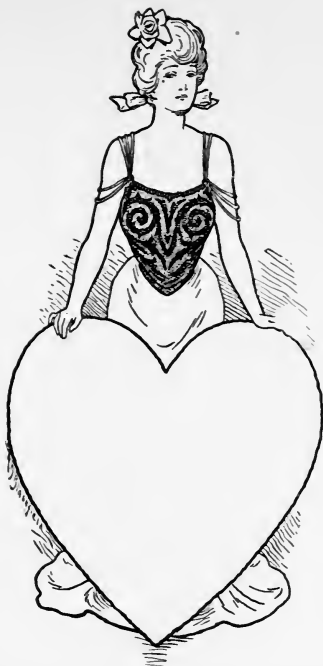
### TOO SOON

**L**IKE Galileo, watch I for a star.  
    Patience ! It sweeps not into my small ken ;  
I need an instrument too great by far.  
    One hundred years from now—I'll see it then !

### NO CHANGE

**T**HEY say a rose as sweet would smell  
    By any other name,  
And I am quite convinced as well  
    The price would be the same.





### THE CONSIDERATE GIRL

“**A** KISS upon this valentine  
I press;” he wrote to her,  
“I’ve placed it underneath this line;  
I hope you won’t demur.”

“I do not want the kiss you sent,”  
She answered, “not at all!  
But just because it was well meant  
I’ll keep it till you call.”



IN HIGH SOCIETY.

## IN' HIGH SOCIETY

(*The scene is laid in the Casino, at Newport. Everybody who is anybody is present, and a great many who are not anybody. As the curtain rises, the entire company is disclosed singing and dancing in fancy costume. Then advance to the front Mrs. Leeds Thegang, Mrs. G. Brazen Glare, Mrs. O. Howe Vulg, and Mrs. Burstyngside Boodle.*)

QUARTETTE. "WE'RE LEADERS OF SOCIETY."

WE'RE leaders of society !  
Come feast your envious eyes.  
We dote on notoriety,  
As doubtless you surmise.  
In clothes we pose both night and day  
To the point of extreme satiety ;  
So we beg you to gaze  
On our every phase,  
For we're leaders of smart society.

We're leaders of vulgarity,  
Though this is *entre nous* ;  
Our stock's above all parity—  
Behold us now on view !  
In clothes we pose both day and night  
To the point of extreme satiety,  
And with proper conceit  
We beg to repeat,  
We're leaders of smart society.

(*They all turn around slowly and importantly, that every one may view, and march majestically to rear to*

*loud applause. The orchestra now quiets down, playing a minor strain, as there steps to the front a young girl of stately mien.)*

DÉBUTANTE SOLO. "I'M THE DAUGHTER OF A  
MILLIONAIRE."

I can play a little music, I can sing a little song,  
I can talk in French or German, though my accent  
isn't strong.

I am good in conversation if the subject isn't deep,  
And I sit and stand and laugh and cry and walk and  
eat and sleep.

There are other girls just like me, yet with me they  
don't compare—

*I'm* the marketable daughter of a multi-millionaire.

I have had a little schooling of the fashionable sort,  
I am up on gown creations and in certain kinds of  
sport.

I am "peerless" just at present, but for long this  
cannot be,

For although I may be brainless, yet the ducats go  
with me,

Which is all that's necessary—so allow me to declare  
*I'm* the marketable daughter of a multi-millionaire.

I've a heart beneath my diamonds that is always in  
good form—

Mama believes a title is the thing to keep it warm.

My capacity for loving in the good old-fashioned way  
Has never been developed, for it's not "the thing"  
to-day;

Yet I sometimes wish it might be (though to breathe  
this I don't dare)—

*I'm* the marketable daughter of a multi-millionaire.

*(A great commotion now takes place, and all the company bow low, as a little man enters slowly and ambles to the footlights. Bouquets are thrown at him, and he acknowledges the homage with slight and weary cranial inclinations, and, adjusting his monocle, delivers himself as follows:)*

SONG OF CONQUEST. LORD TOUGHNUTT.

I'm a true British peer,  
With a trace of a leer,  
And a checkered career  
Somewhat cynical.  
Yet I say, without tact,  
As a matter of fact,  
In a marriage compact  
I am finical.

I am troubled with gout,  
And I cawn't get about,  
And you'll think this, no doubt,  
A deficiency.  
Yet my title is plain—  
In itself without stain—  
Which is quite (I maintain)  
A sufficiency.

*(Several business-looking documents are now thrown at him, and his man picks them up and presents them, while he scans them critically, and then continues:)*

Ah! 'Twas as I surmised,  
And my friends had advised,  
For my title is prized  
By a host of 'em.  
I'll be careful until

I have just filled my bill.  
In the meantime, I will  
Make the most of 'em.

*(He chucks under the chin several heiresses who have placed themselves in line, and hobbles painfully away to "God Save the King." Mrs. Golden Shamm now steps lightly to the front. She is followed by a green glare, which throws her plump and matronly figure into bold relief.)*

SONG OF THE TOP NOTCH. MRS. GOLDEN SHAMM.

I entertain  
In a lavish strain  
And a certain perspicacity,  
Which enables me  
Right on top to be  
As a leader of known capacity.  
  
I came from naught,  
But I've been much sought  
Since my husband made his millions,  
And the rest of you prance  
To dinner and dance  
And my glittering gay cotillions.  
  
My family tree  
Just a shrub may be,  
But my cash is a gaudy entity.  
So I sing Ha ! Ha !  
I am known afar,  
And my social standing's way above par.

CHORUS.

She's a glittering gaudy success. Ha! Ha!  
As all of us hate to confess. Ha! Ha!  
She's a leader of perspicacity.

Though her family tree is quite small. Ha ! Ha !  
Why, this doesn't matter at all. Ha ! Ha !  
Compared with her cash capacity.

*(She retires amid the homage of all concerned. The company now separates into two parts as a regiment of society reporters enters to the music of tin horns. They are greeted with prolonged cheers.)*

#### CHORUS OF SOCIETY REPORTERS.

The warrior and ruler have a certain useful function,  
which is doubtless beneficial to the State,  
And the toiling politician, with his universal unction,  
is of value in a scheme that's ultimate.

The merchant and the lawyer and the savant scientific  
may perform some things of value, it is true,  
But for matters all momentous, with a bearing ponderific,  
why, allow us to commend ourselves to you.

Our sense of duty never fails,  
We note your gowns with care,  
And with zeal untired  
Are our pens inspired  
By the lovely gems you wear.

While others may be toiling over things inconsequen-  
tial, *we're* the ones who write the columns that  
you con,  
For, in all the world, the only thing that really is es-  
sential is relating what the social set has on.

We never, NEVER, NEVER tire,  
Though they call it rot, 'tis true.

But each day the names  
Of the social dames  
We print. It's the thing to do.

*(They are here led away and fed at a side table,  
while there steps to the front the portly figure of Mr.  
Bonds Tooburn.)*

SONG OF A MERCHANT PRINCE. BONDS TOOBURN.

With some semblance of urbanity  
I view this hollow vanity,  
But in truth I'm not so very much inspired.  
Though they force me to participate,  
I'm not much on the dissipate,  
And this social emulation makes me tired.

My money I made  
In a "trusty" trade,  
But now that I've got it to burn  
(Though I still want more),  
This "push" I deplore,  
And for simpler things I yearn.

But it's useless absolutely  
To protest, so I must mutely  
Just put up the stuff and give the girls their rein,  
Though this sickly combination  
Of a brainless aggregation  
Is a thing that permeates me with a pain.

So the strain I stand  
With my cash in hand,  
Though it gives me a qualm, 'tis true,



And I often blush  
At the printed slush,  
But, of course, it's the thing to do.

CHORUS.

It makes him blush,  
Does the printed slush,  
And he's tired of the hollow vanity.  
But, nevertheless,  
He's obliged to confess  
That he takes it all in with urbanity.

*(No one pays any attention to him, and he steps back and lights a cigar with a coupon. The entire company now joins hands and sings :)*

Here's Hey ! to the social firmament,  
And we are the stars that turn,  
And some glow bright in the dim daylight,  
While others in darkness burn.

Here's Hey ! to the central sun of "Cash"  
That sends out its rays afar  
To the planet gay, in its luminous way,  
And its little attendant star.

Here's Hey ! to the slush, and the mush, and the  
gush, and the glare of the glittering gold,  
And the frippery, flummery, asinine mummery grown  
from the social mould.

(CURTAIN.)



“HE LISTENED TO HIS WIFE’S REBUKES.”

## HIS LIMIT.

HE brought up coal and chopped the wood with  
wonderful suavity,

And laid down carpets all day long with Christian  
fortitude;

He listened to his wife's rebukes with unresentful  
gravity,

And left his bed at midnight to prepare the baby's  
food.

At elevating heated air he showed great versatility,

And worked upon the furnace fire with gratifying  
zeal;

In mollifying servants he displayed immense ability,

And when they left, he stirred around, and cooked  
and served each meal.

He gave his wife his wages with commendable con-  
sistency,

And when she sent him shopping he was never  
known to fail;

He kept on matching ribbons with pathological per-  
sistency,

And with great regularity her letters he would mail.

He stayed home from the club each night in dignified  
sobriety,

And said good-by to poker with a resignation sweet;  
And every Sunday in their pew he sat in wakeful  
piety,

And at her bidding every text correctly could re-  
peat.

He wore the garments that she made with Spartan-like  
agility;  
The neckties she selected he displayed with courage  
rare;  
He sewed the buttons on his clothes with wonderful  
docility,  
And never touched the tidy when he sat down in a  
chair.

But when he caught a cold one day, and with sweet  
femininity  
She put some goose oil on his chest and fed him  
with quinine,  
And piled up heated flannels 'round his jugular vi-  
cinity,  
He said he thought 'twas time indeed that he should  
draw the line.

And when she tried parboiling each pedalian extremity,  
And with some porous plasters frescoed him on  
either side,  
He packed his grip one frosty night and skipped for the  
Yosemite;  
And when he reached that milder clime he laid him  
down and died.

## NOT STRANGE

**W**E sat together side by side  
In total darkness. Yet I know  
Her lips were moving now and then—  
Somehow I felt that this was so.



## AT LAST

SHE let her hand be taken, and with confidence unshaken he tried his best to waken in her heart some sentiment.

With a wondrous burst of feeling round her waist his arm was stealing, yet her face showed no revealing of her mind's ingenuous bent.

His voice, quite low and pleading, for himself was interceding, but the maiden paid no heeding to the words that he might say.

And no lover persevering ever had so dumb a hearing to his terms of love endearing as she gave to him that day.

Until his chance he waited with a guile premeditated, and with cheek unmitigated up and kissed her. Then she cried:

“There, you monster! I just knew it! I was sure, or quite near to it, if I waited you would do it. Now I hope you're satisfied.”

## HIS LIGHT PUT OUT

**H**E had worn a colored blazer on the Nile;  
He had sported spats in Persia just for style:  
With a necktie quite too utter, in the streets of old  
Calcutta, he had stirred up quite a flutter for a  
while.

The maids of Java thronged before his door;  
Attracted by the trousers that he wore:  
And his vest—a bosom venter—shook Formosa to its  
centre. And they hailed him as a mentor by the  
score.

On his own ground, as a “masher” on the street—  
He outdid a Turkish pasha—who stood treat.  
He gave Shanghai girls the jumps, and their cheeks  
stuck out like mumps, at the patent leather pumps  
upon his feet.

But he called upon a Boston girl one night;  
With a necktie ready made—which wasn't right:  
And she looked at him this maid did, and he faded and  
he faded, and he faded and he faded, out of sight.

## SETTLED AT LAST

**S**HE comes into the restaurant.

She sits down in a chair.  
She tosses up her curls and then  
She reads the bill of fare.

She takes it up, she puts it down;  
She looks around in doubt;  
She hums, she drums, she sighs, she starts;  
Her lips begin to pout.

The waiter stands with sphinx-like stare  
For hours, it seems to me.  
And then she says she thinks she'll have  
A cup of nice hot tea.

## MY POKER GIRL

**H**ER eyes are velvet, soft and fine,  
That none can antedate;  
Her hair's fine strands seem all divine,  
Her form is, oh! so



Her teeth, like driven snow, are white;  
And when she wills to blush  
There is no tint can equal quite  
Her rounded cheek's fine



Could I but hold a hand like that  
Just once, I would not care  
If afterwards I stood quite pat  
Forever, on a



## CORRECTED

**S**HE stood before the sacred gates, a blue-eyed, fair-haired miss,  
Awaiting for her entrance to the rapt'rous realm of bliss;

Until St. Peter beckoned her with courteous wave and  
cried:

“Come, fair one, enter; you will find your robe hung  
up inside.”

Upon the kindly saint she glanced with scornful, pity-  
ing look.

Good Peter quailed before her as her heavenly way  
she took.

And slightly bowing as she passed, she said: “My  
thanks, good sir;

I dare presume it is to my *pajamas* you refer.”

### TO AN OLD DRESS COAT

OLD coat, farewell! It must be so;  
The best of friends have parted.  
Decrepit, faded, you must go;  
Look! How your seams have started.

'Twas in my nineteenth year I sought,  
One bright day in September,  
The tailor's shop where you were wrought:  
Ah! Well do I remember!

Long years have gone by since that day  
When you and I were fitted.  
With you my evenings have been gay.  
My griefs have been omitted.

Upon your shiny silk lapel  
How many heads have rested!  
Old coat, 'tis you alone can tell  
How this poor heart's been tested.

And you were with me that night when  
By foolish love directed  
I tempted fate. As I was then  
So you are now—rejected.



## LOVE'S IRON RULE

A SINGLE heart, all yearning—  
Alone and unafraid—  
Was taken for a burning  
To Cupid by a maid.

But Cupid, keen observer,  
(Who dares to say he's blind?)  
All smiling at her fervor,  
The proffered gift declined.

And merely said: "Inspiring  
As is your heart, I fear  
'Tis not enough! My firing  
Is done in *pairs*, my dear."

## TO A DIAMOND RING

THOU bauble of inconsequential size,  
That gleams alike on joy and on distress!  
Circle of fate! No cobble-stone that lies  
To make a pave, but caps thy usefulness.

If I should crush thee with my heel, should spurn  
Thee from my sight, what matters it, I say?  
Unto thy parent earth thou wouldst but turn  
And Love and Death would still keep on their way

Go! Leave me, little ring. I know thy power;  
Mighty, but useless. Yet, for my design  
Who knows but thou may rule the fickle hour—  
Make some one who is not, this day be mine.

Go, brilliant messenger, and play thy part!  
I'll be content if thou, beneath her look,  
Will make the same impression on her heart  
As thou hast made upon my pocketbook.

## LIB

'TIS not a regular thing with us, but sometimes up  
our way .

We hunt around and find the chips, and sit us down  
to play

A cosey, family game of draw, with five or six or so,  
And count it not a bit of harm; nor do we think we'll go  
To black perdition just because it gives our hearts a  
smile

To ante up, and raise, and bluff, and draw cards for a  
while.

Sometimes a neighbor will drop in, and father takes a  
hand,

And when you raise you must have lots of what they  
dub as "sand";

And then there's James and James's wife, and Robert  
—Bob for short;

And when the latter draws one card there's bound to  
be some sport;

And there is Lib—she never smiles—upon the game  
she's "sot."

But all of us lay down our hands when Lib stays in  
the pot.

Tradition says, once on a time, that to our house there  
came

A stranger, who requested an admittance to the game.  
He took one card and Lib took four—the rest of us  
stayed out

And watched the way that she raised back, as if she  
were in doubt.

She had four aces, he four kings; she raked in all he'd  
got.

Alas! Had he but known his fate when Lib stayed  
in the pot!

We want no tender-hearted man to meet our Lib  
again:  
We're looking for a fellow that's a man among all  
men;  
We're seeking for a bachelor with nerve and lots of  
tin,  
And when we've found the proper man, we're going  
to ask him in  
To sit with us some evening, when the game is wax-  
ing hot,  
And then may Lib lay down her hand when he stays  
in the pot.

### WHY ?

UNEQUAL portions seem to be  
Allotted unto man.  
For some have all, and others naught;  
And this by Nature's plan.

Why are some portions cut so large,  
And others cut so small ?  
Why should she have her heart and mine ?  
And I have none at all ?

--



## THE MISSING KEY

**S**HE stopped on the steps 'ere they went to the play,  
And she suddenly started and cried, "Oh, say!

"The key of the house, my dear, is above,  
Go run up and fetch it, now there is a love.

"Go look in the closet just off from the stair,  
It lies in my grenadine pocket up there."

And so with step that was joyous and light  
He bounded upstairs in the gathering night.

And the door of the closet he opened quite wide,  
And he smiled to himself as he stepped inside.

And he clutched with a chuckle the old grenadine,  
And he felt for the place where a pocket he'd seen.

Then he thought that the garment was inside out,  
So with teeth set together he turned it about.

And felt with a feverish hand in vain  
For a slit, and he swore with his might and main;

Then he turned the thing up and he turned it down,  
And jumped on the cursed old grenadine gown.

Until, as he lay with the dress on the floor,  
His better-half came up and opened the door.

And she took up the gown and she put in her hand,  
And she pulled out the key with a smile that was  
bland.

And she said as she stamped on the floor: "I declare,  
That is just like a man. Why the key was right  
there."

## PROGRESS

**B**ACK, back he slipped in desperation grim  
With tyrant Failure busy every hour!  
Till once his mirrored face looked out at him  
Unrecognized, so had it grown in power!

## ALL I ASK

**T**HROUGHOUT the day in ceaseless toil  
I plod—a mere machine;  
And in the city's mad turmoil  
My faculties demean.  
My better self is far above  
This earning of my bread;  
That's why the night I dearly love,  
For I can read in bed.

No high-backed chair of stiff design  
Is good enough for me;  
For wide-limbed liberty I pine,  
From hampering clothes quite free.  
In pillowed ease I fain would lie,  
By grave Immortals led;  
To-morrow cheerfully I die—  
To-night I read in bed.

At midnight, Shakespeare near my hand,  
Cervantes by my side;  
Dear Charlie Lamb at my command,  
Through wondrous realms I glide.  
With friends like these to have at will,  
Though passed, to me not dead;  
Let living friends desert me still,  
For I can read in bed.

The golden gift of lyric song,  
The faculty divine,  
To other fellows may belong,  
Alas! they are not mine.  
But from the garden of the gods  
This modest flower outspread  
I pluck toward me as it nods,  
For I can read in bed.

And when, beyond the golden stair,  
St. Peter's gate I haunt,  
And am permitted to declare  
The thing that I most want ;  
No lofty mansion, gilt-refined,  
I'll seek. I'll say instead,  
" Give me a wife that does not mind,  
And let me read in bed."

### THE SADDEST OF ALL

**I**N close communion with our peers in thought,  
When with our utmost effort we do seek  
To give our inmost self, 'tis sad to know  
The wisest thoughts are those we did not speak.

When we have pored for years o'er musty tomes  
With feverish zest, to fill our thoughtful need,  
We sigh at some late day to learn this truth—  
The greatest books are those we did not read.

When, by the placid stream, or on the deep,  
With bait and hook we sit the livelong day,  
It makes us sad to think that after all  
The biggest fish are those that got away.

And so, when we have journeyed love's sweet path,  
We learn too late what treasures we have missed,  
For saddest of them all, this truth strikes home—  
The prettiest girls are those we have not kissed.



## THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

**S**HE has wrestled with the sages of the dim historic ages, she has studied declamation from Demosthenes to Burke;

She has sounded Schopenhauer and been under Dante's power, and can giggle in all languages from English down to Turk.

She can argue in the isms, knows the history of schisms, and will go way back to Adam to elucidate her views;

She can bring up illustrations she's obtained from divers nations on the somewhat strained relations of the Christians and the Jews.

From old Socrates to Spencer she has read and read, and hence her intellectual adornments are a wonder to be seen;



In the angles she's a terror and in art she makes no error, and she knows the mental value of the hackneyed Boston bean.

She can show that old man Pliny was in some respects a ninny; she has sneered at Archimedes and brought Tacitus to task;

She's revised the laws of Solon, knows the value of a colon, and can calculate the contents of the Dutchman's famous cask.

She has studied up on diction, has explored the realms of fiction, knows the views of Hobbes and Bacon and of Paley and their crews;

She can quote from Pepys' diary and knows Pope (so small and wiry) and has fathomed Billy Shakespeare and read Burton on the blues.

There is not a branch of knowledge that this girl so fresh from college has not made herself familiar with, from Plato down to pie;

But it isn't for her learning that she fills us men with yearning—it's because she is a woman and that's just the reason why.



## SOME ANCESTRAL REFLECTIONS

**M**Y ancestors were goodly men,  
And stout of limb and muscle.  
They bore the palm of victory  
In many a warlike tussle.

Some sailed along the Spanish main,  
Some worked at blacksmith's bellows,  
And some wrote poems to their king,  
But they were all good fellows.

Honest and worthy men were they,  
Some rough and others polished.  
Alas! that such good works as theirs  
By time should be demolished.

I've read their lives and blushed to find  
So much true worth revealing,  
And yet for them I must admit  
I have no kindly feeling.

I hate them with a deadly hate,  
These honest men of merit.  
'Tis not for what they've given me,  
But what I don't inherit.

It's their own fault. My thoughts of them  
Might be as sweet as honey,  
If they had but bequeathed to me  
The art of making money.

## THE REAL HEAVEN

THE golden streets of Paradise  
He wandered by himself,  
Until his seeking, quickened eyes  
Saw books upon a shelf.

In Heaven's library he strolled,  
Those countless tomes to view;  
By bookish passion made o'erbold,  
He searched their titles through.

Rabelais met his eager sight;  
He rubbed his eyes again.  
Yes, there within his reach, at right,  
He recognized Tom Paine.

Omar Khayyám and Montaigne,  
Huxley and Hume, were there;  
His old friend Horace, and again  
He clasped with love Voltaire.

The student's eyes, by tears made blind,  
No more the titles read.  
Prostrate, his joyful form reclined:  
"Ah, this *is* Heaven!" he said.



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IN YOUTH.

## IN YOUTH

**M**Y darling, when your arms are round my neck  
And in your eyes I see the lovelight gleaming  
I sometimes wonder if, when we've grown old  
We'll think this idle dreaming.

I sometimes wonder, in the years to come  
When cares grow round us and when sorrows  
thicken  
If in caresses we shall grow more dumb  
Just as our spirits quicken.

It may be so. When time shall steal away  
Our crown of youth with all its golden glory  
It may be that our love shall grow to be  
An old too-oft told story.

And yet it seems to me, dear, even then,  
Your freshness gone, and naught but heaven above  
you,  
That I shall love to take your hand in mine  
And tell you how I love you.



CHANT OF A GRATEFUL NEW YORKER.

## CHANT OF A GRATEFUL NEW YORKER

**K**IND Fate, attend to my strident tale,  
And note my lot in life,  
Of which I speak  
With pride in my cheek,  
Though it's one of deadly strife.  
Others there be who suffer with me—  
A million or more on tap—  
But I am the man who's next to the man who's  
hanging on to a strap.

On the surface cars, as I fight my way,  
Or on the third rail ride;  
Though I'm black and blue,  
And breathless too,  
As my ribs sink into my side,  
Yet with joy I cry,  
As my way I pry,  
And my clothes in ribbons flap,  
For I am the man who's next to the man who's hang-  
ing on to a strap.

O kind Manhattan! I owe thee much!  
How may I quite repay  
This place reserved  
As I'm jerked and swerved  
On my million volted way?  
And thy fostering care  
I bless, nor swear,..  
As I fill this favored gap,  
For I am the man who's next to the man who's hang-  
ing on to a strap.

## THEIR LESSON

**T**HEY sat at the table, three men gay  
With the girl who never had learned to play.

And their easy smiles were a sight to see  
As she said, "This is dreadfully new to me.

"I know it is wicked to gamble, but then  
It is better than talk to amuse you men."

And her look was blank as a virgin page  
As she said, "Now, what is it, edge or age?"

And her face was green as a vacant lot  
As she softly murmured, "What's a jack pot?"

"What is a flush and a straight? Oh, dear,  
I'm stupid, I know, but it's not quite clear."

And every man of the courteous crew  
Instructed her ladyship what to do.

And she drew one card to a bob-tail flush  
With a merry laugh and a pretty blush;

And of course she filled, for that is the way  
Of girls who never have learned to play.

And she raised them back with a charming pout  
Till every man in the game was out;

And she kept it up till they all went broke  
And laughed and said, "What a splendid joke!"

Then with faces sad and with hearts of lead  
Quickly away to their homes they sped;

And with one accord each player swore  
That never again, no more, no more,

His hard-earned wealth would he fritter away  
On a girl who never had learned to play.



## NEMESIS

HE learned to dance for her sake all the latest  
rhythmic motions,

And wore a shirt that did not fit to suit her woman's  
notions.

Because he did not like it much, she made him wear  
merino,

And when he sighed for poker she insisted on casino.

He smoked a cabbage-leaf cigar, because she bought it  
for him,

And stayed in from the club each night and let her  
bore and bore him.

He wore the neckties that she got until he caused a  
riot,

And sat up till the peep of day to keep the baby quiet.

And when he came home tired at night it was her  
constant caper

To make him read aloud the jokes from every comic  
paper—

Until one day he sneaked away and bought himself a  
coffin,

In which triumphant he laid down and straightway  
went right off in.

And when she heard the awful news she had a fit con-  
nption,

And ordered him a tombstone and the following in-  
scription:

“Here lies my loving husband, John; Death came at  
last and hit him;

He got the coffin by himself. *I know it doesn't fit  
him.*”

## MISS BROWN, OF TOLEDO

**T**HE seashore was gay on the day I arrived,  
And the summer girl looked at her best,  
The Puritan maids hid their feelings and thrived  
With the fashionable fair from the West.  
I searched with my eyes for a maiden sans flaw  
And then, with a meaningless stare  
I turned o'er the register's pages, and saw  
That Miss Brown, of Toledo, was there.

The name caught my eye and I wondered if she  
Whose autograph freckled the page  
Was young, with a face that would satisfy me,  
Or wrinkled and stricken with age.  
In to dinner I went; and I blush as I tell 't  
For I saw in the very next chair  
A vision : Oh Fate! I instinctively felt  
That Miss Brown, of Toledo, was there.

I passed her the butter. How simple was it.  
I felt that I'd known her for years,  
And her voice made me sigh—for I knew I was "hit"—  
As it fell on my sensitive ears.  
She talked, and I felt that I looked in the face  
Of a friend, with a figure so fair  
That all other girls might as well leave the place  
When Miss Brown, of Toledo, was there.

It was love at first sight. Shall I ever forget  
The night that I kneeled on the sand  
And placed, with my arms round the waist of "my pet,"  
That two carat ring on her hand ?  
Or how the next day, as my train slipped the ground  
And she held out her arms in despair,  
I felt but one fact, though the crowd surged around,—  
That Miss Brown, of Toledo, was there.

The weeks have gone by, but no vision of Brown  
Has gladdened my sight since that day,  
Though she vowed she would write when she got  
    back to town  
With that ring that she'd garnered away.  
I know not what fate is reserved for me hence,  
As I climb up the big golden stair,  
But Oh! how I'll smile as I peek o'er the fence  
If Miss Brown, of Toledo, is there.

## TO A LOST LOVE

I HAVE so many tokens, dear,  
    Of thee around my room—  
They fill my darksome soul with cheer  
    And chase away the gloom.

Thy laughing photograph looks down  
    Upon me from above,  
And here's a stray bit of thy gown  
    I captured from thee, love.

And here's a dainty bit of lace,  
    A veil—'twas never missed.  
Oh! would that it might press thy face  
    Again, and then be kissed.

But, no! I'd most forgotten, sweet,  
    That this can never be.  
That as we were we cannot meet,  
    For I alone am free.

So take them down! Farewell, my love!  
    To say that word is hard;  
Thy face smiles at me from above,  
    But—here's thy wedding card!



Christmas day is here at last—  
All our troubles now are past.  
Santa Claus came down last night,  
Spreading round him fresh delight.  
With a twinkle in his eye,  
“There,” said he, “sleep on, young fry,  
No more by the thought beset  
As to what you’re going to get.”

Up the chimney quick he goes,  
Softly rubs his ruddy nose;  
Yet methinks I hear him sigh  
As he nods a last good-by,  
And methinks I hear him say  
Ere he vanishes away,  
Say with just the least regret—  
“Wonder what I’m going to get?”

## UNDER THE MISTLETOE

**T**HE girl from Philadelphia  
In some things is not slow.  
She says : “Good gracious me! Was I  
Beneath that mistletoe?”

The St. Louis girl a startled look  
At once begins to wear  
As she exclaims : “How very strange!  
I didn’t know ’twas there.”

The San Francisco maid demure  
Is calm as calm can be  
As, with a blissful smile, she says :  
“You’ve caught right on, I see!”

The Boston girl removes her specs,  
Her classic face sedate,  
And, as she looks around, she says :  
“ I'll take a chair and wait.”

The Gotham maiden lifts herself  
Upon a tiny toe,  
Remarking, as she takes one more,  
“ It's English, don't you know ? ”

But better still, the Lakeside girl  
Another plan, instead  
Of standing just beneath, she tries—  
She wears it on her head!



### CHANGING HER MIND

“ GOOD-BY,” he said simply, “ good-by;  
This is final ? ” She nodded “ Yes, yes;  
I'm sorry, so sorry, but I—  
Well, Love doesn't like me, I guess.

“ You’re going ? ”    “ Yes, going,” he said,  
“ And yet there is just one thing more;  
You remember ”—his face was quite red—  
“ The fellow you jilted before ?

“ The last one—oh, no, I forgot,  
I’m the last—it’s the next to the last;  
Well, he stood on this very same spot—  
I tell it now that it is past—

“ And after your ‘ no ’ had been heard  
And ere you had told him good-by  
He asked for a kiss—you demurred,  
But you gave it—to him—now, may I ? ”

Her face was a study.    There came  
To her white neck a deepening hue—  
“ Yes, take it,” she said ; “ whose the blame ?  
Poor boy !    ’Tis the least I can do.”

He turned, yet not toward her face  
“ I thank you,” he said, “ but no, no;  
With myself I should be in disgrace  
If I should accept, ere I go,

“ What only your pity might give.  
Your love is denied me, so then  
There is nothing to do but to live  
Without it; so good-by again,

“ Good-night and good-bý,” and he took  
Her hand, while her blue eyes grew wet,  
And she sighed as she gave him one look,  
And she murmured, “ Oh, please don’t go—yet.”

## IN LEAP YEAR

SWEETHEART, should you propose,  
I'll not be captious quite;

I'll not turn up my nose,

For that would not be right.

I will not blush and say:

“This is so sudden, dear,”

I will not turn—nay, nay—

To you a drumless ear.

But, sweetheart, if you *should*

This year your love confess,

I'll promise to be good

And meekly answer “Yes.”

## TO YOU

YOU look so warm and cosy  
Inside those furs, sweetheart—

Your cheeks are, oh, so rosy!

Made thus by Nature's art.

Within that muff of sable

Your dainty fingers lie,

With rings! I am not able

To count them if I try.

And though 'tis now all covered,

I'm sure, in all the town,

No tailor ever hovered

O'er such a stunning gown.

I am your slave! Before you

My heart I gladly fling.

Why should I not adore you?

You're such a costly thing.



## THE WELCOME GUEST

**W**HEN the New Fad came to this land one day,  
He smiled to the crowd in a confident way,  
And the New Fad said: "I have come to stay.

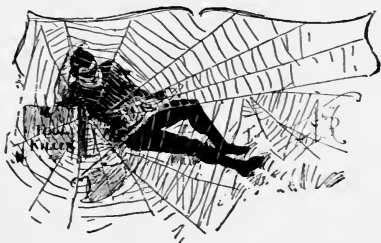
"I was born a century, maybe, ago—  
At the time they thought me a trifle slow—  
I wasn't remarkable then, you know.

"I'm as old as you," and he raised his hat  
To the Yankees prone (for they all lay flat—  
As a nation they're noted for doing that).

"I'm as old as you ; on my native shore  
They've long since thought me a fearful bore,  
So I'm glad I never met *you* before."

Then up spoke an erudite, cultured miss,  
And she said "It affords me consummate bliss  
To welcome our guest," and they cheered at this.

Then the New Fad smiled to himself, and said :  
"Wisdom, no doubt, will always spread,  
But I'm glad that the fools are not all dead !"



## THE WICKER CHAIR SHE SAT IN

**L**AST summer, when from city man  
I changed to country boarder,  
I found a most delightful spot  
Where things seemed made to order.  
In halcyon mood I loafed. 'There came  
A time that I grew fat in:  
The time that I sat 'round and watched  
The wicker chair she sat in.

The chair was occupied, of course,  
And up and down each minute,  
While we talked on, 'twas slowly rocked  
By one who sat within it.  
But there were intervals in which  
Two hearts went pit-a-pat in,  
And then it did not rock at all—  
The wicker chair she sat in.

'Twas then the place seemed Paradise;  
But now, when I revisit  
The spot I loved, 'tis changed for me,  
'Tis not the same. Why is it?  
The trees are here ; the grass is green,  
And yet I feel quite flat in  
This memoried place, for no one rocks  
The wicker chair she sat in.

O good St. Peter, some day when  
To Paradise I've flitted,  
I'll do without some cherished things,  
Provided I'm admitted.  
But when you note the thing I crave  
I beg of you put that in,  
Let her be there within the chair,  
The wicker chair she sat in.

## EVICTED

FAME burst the door of a poor man's heart  
And ordered Love out one day.

"My friend," he said, "we two must part—  
Not room for us both to stay."

\* \* \* \* \*

The years dragged by, and the haggard face  
Of Fame looks out through the glass  
(You may see him yet if you know the place),  
Still waiting for Love to pass.

## THE REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR

I KNOW my owner loves me well,  
Or why such time should she spend o'er me?  
I seem to have for her a spell  
That makes her sit for hours before me!

She smiles upon me day by day,  
While silently I do my duty,  
And in her generous hearted way  
She gives me all her wealth of beauty.

She gives me dimple, brows and cheeks,  
And, though the most demure of misses,  
She says, "I love you," when she speaks,  
And from her lips she throws me kisses.

She's constant to me. Yet I pine—  
I'm not successful as a wooer.  
The love she gives me is not mine;  
Alas! I must return it to her.

## HIS WIFE

SHE sewed the buttons on his shirt with marvelous rapidity,  
And took the spots from off his clothes with pleasurable avidity,  
She creased his trousers every day till they were no more creasable,  
And when he growled her patient smile was something more than peaceable.  
She cleaned his russet shoes for him with joy quite unmistakable,  
And took his cuffs and collars out—that is, when they were takable ;  
She put his money in the bank with such great regularity  
That other women viewed her dress with eyes that looked disparity.  
When he got blue she braced him up and gave him something drinkable,  
And talked about that ship of his that was, she said, unsinkable.  
She let him buy his own cigars, with tact quite incontestable,  
And thought up dishes that he liked that were not indigestible.  
She listened to the jokes he sprung, and giggled at the best of them,  
And when she couldn't giggle she approved of all the rest of them.  
She did not drag him off to call when he was quite undragable,  
And when he had a nervous fit her tongue was quite unwagable.

She brushed him up, she brushed him down, and kept  
him spic and spanable.  
And showed him why the schemes he planned were  
not always quite plannable.  
But she had no ear for music, and her mind was quite  
unbookable,  
And when it came to beauty, why, she wasn't very  
lookable.

She did not care to go out much. She was not in  
society,  
And she had no time for heathens, and she couldn't  
talk on piety.  
And every neighbor said of him, with laughter quite  
satirical :  
“ How did he come to marry her? It really is a  
miracle.”

## A WISH

A DEWDROP on a rose-leaf lay,  
By amorous breezes blown ;  
A sunbeam kissed the drop away  
Into the great unknown.

I wonder if it's far or near,  
The object that I seek ?  
Who knows ? Maybe it is the tear  
Upon my lady's cheek.

If this be so, and in my sight  
It sparkles clear, why then  
I'd like to be that sunbeam bright,  
And kiss it off again.



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### BERTHA.

#### NOT YET A COQUETTE.

**B**ERTHA never seems to know  
Just the time I ought to go.  
Bertha loves me—that I'm sure.  
Bertha's coy—and immature.  
Some day she will learn, no doubt,  
It's the time to put me out  
(May that be a distant day!)  
When I'm longing most to stay!

I LOVE YOU

I BOUGHT the girl I love the best a powder box  
one day.

'Twas simple in its outline, but a beauty, so they say.  
It brought the dimples to her cheek, the light into her  
eye,

For the monogram upon it was an

I.

L.

Y.

“Why, that is not my name,” she said—her lips  
began to curl.

“Maybe you’ve made a sad mistake—’tis for some  
other girl.”

Yet, even as she said these words, methought I heard  
her sigh,

For the monogram upon the box was

I.

L.

Y.

O woman, in thy fickle hours, dissembler that thou art !  
She knew no other girl had e’er been near my throbbing  
heart,

And yet she had to say these words before she sighed  
that sigh,

For the monogram upon the box was

I.

L.

Y.

## ONE ROOM MORE

SOME years ago there lived on high  
In solitary state  
A bachelor ; in sooth 'twas I  
Pursuing thus my fate.  
And as in sadness I gazed 'round  
And paced that lonely floor  
I longed, not for the solid ground  
But just for one room more.

'Twas then, or not long after that  
My wish came more than true;  
I moved into a modest flat  
Where I supported two—  
That is to say, until a third  
Came down through Heaven's door :  
And then my wife and I averred  
We'd like just one room more.

To-day, in deep felicity  
Within a house we dwell  
With number one and two and three  
And four and five as well!  
We thought 'twas ample when we came,  
Yet, as I think it o'er,  
I find our problem's just the same,  
We need but one room more.

Perchance, kind stranger, as you read  
This ditty that I sing,  
A tear bedims your eye—you need  
With me the self-same thing.  
Then let us join our hands and pray  
That sometime, when we soar  
Up to those mansions far away,  
We'll have that one room more.



## THE HOTEL HOPE

THE Hotel Hope quite plainly  
Upon a hill is set,  
And no one ever vainly  
Admittance sought to get.

They set a meagre table  
To everyone that comes ;  
For in this modern Babel  
The only course is crumbs.

This house, to all fourth-raters  
Would not compare so well ;  
The guests are all the waiters  
They have at this hotel.

The charges are extortion ;  
They rob you every day,  
And out of all proportion  
To what you get, you pay.

And yet the guests, tho' paying  
Big sums for only air,  
Insist on ever staying—  
The view's so fine up there.

Each one you meet, not whiling  
His time away in mopes,  
Will say, his face all smiling :  
“ I'm living now in Hope's.”

## GHOSTS

THE painter toiled at his picture in the light of the  
northern sky,  
And his soul burned out at his easel as the paint grew  
hard and dry.  
The marvelous work that the painter wrought seemed  
full of depth and soul,  
And the people gazed at the deathless thing, while  
each one paid his toll.  
Then questioned the voice of the painter's heart, while  
the great man shook his head.  
“No motive pure can the world endure—I did it for  
gold,” he said.

The worker worked in the midnight black and under  
the light of day,  
And dragged his soul from out of himself and breathed  
it into the clay.  
Thus wrought the hand of the poet a song that the  
people sing,  
And the sound of its wondrous music wells up like a  
living spring.  
Then questioned the voice of the poet's heart, and he  
bowed his head in shame.  
“No motive pure may my soul endure—I did it,”  
he cried, “for fame.”

In front of the battle's wavering line the hero charged  
his steed ;  
A thousand furies had hurried him on, and his was a  
hero's speed.  
Into the serried ranks of death he rode with a hero's  
shout  
Till victory sat on the upraised flag, and the foe was  
put to rout.

Then questioned the voice of the hero's heart, and he  
said : "The fight is won.  
Yet motive pure no man may endure—for glory the  
deed was done."

#### L'ENVOI

Art met Duty, and Duty said : "Three souls have  
just been sold :  
One for glory and one for fame and one for glittering  
gold.  
You were not there and I was not there, yet the deeds  
they did rank high ;  
Glory and fame and gold, it seems, are better than you  
and I."  
Said Art : "Why not ? You're a ghostly thing, and  
I myself am the same ;  
We're not worth much to the popular touch with gold  
and glory and fame!"

#### LOVE'S PARADOX

"*Y*OU weak, dear Love!" a lady cried,  
"You know that isn't true.  
You rule the heart, the time, the tide—  
There's none so strong as you."  
"And yet," said Love, "I'm right, e'en so.  
My strength is not displayed  
Except, dear lady, as you know,  
When women give their aid."

## AD INFINITUM

ONE day an ardent youth whose whole heart  
burned  
With feverish love that had not been returned  
Sought an alchemist for the thing he yearned.

“There is a maiden’s heart that I desire,”  
Said he, “Good sir, a potion I require  
To kindle in her breast love’s fiercest fire.

No other maid has any charm for me.  
Without her love I’ll perish quick,” quoth he.  
“Come, help me out of my extremity.”

“Take this,” replied the ancient patriarch,  
Producing phial filled with fluid dark.  
“’Twill kindle in her breast the proper spark.”

The lover thanked him kindly and withdrew,  
And swiftly to the maid he loved he flew.  
But he was back in weeks that numbered two.

“I find,” quoth he, “this is most wonderous stuff.  
I’d like some more, for this is not enough.”  
“What!” cried the old alchemist in a huff,

“Does she not love you—long to be your bride?  
What more do you desire?” The lover sighed.  
“You little know the ways of men!” he cried.

“The girl you mention was a winsome pearl.  
She loves me, but what matters that, you churl!  
I want this bottle for another girl!”

## MY VACATION

GIVE me some quiet, unknown spot,  
Where I can lay me down,  
Where the daily paper cometh not,  
Far from the noisy town.

Oh, take me out where Nature's greens  
Soothe my most restless state ;  
Let me go where the magazines  
May never penetrate.

Remove me from the latest books,  
From Poets, Wits and Seers ;  
No more in culture's choicest nooks  
May I shed wisdom's tears.

Take me away from sounding art,  
From cleverness, from brains ;  
From knowledge deep may I soon part,  
And simulation's gains.

Monotonously let me lie  
Unsought, the hours through  
In utter dullness, so that I  
May learn a thing or two.





THE SUMMER GIRL.

# THE SUMMER GIRL

## I

SHE'S coming with the flowers that will bloom for  
us once more,  
She's coming with the breezes that will blow along  
the shore.  
The sun will kiss her ringlets and will tinge her  
cheeks with brown,  
While he who loves her madly grapples fate and toils  
in town.  
And Cupid with the arrows that he's given her to twirl  
Will guard anew the footsteps of the sprightly summer  
girl.

## II

While robin redbreast hops around when yet 'tis early  
dawn  
And tennis players dot the green of grassy field and  
lawn.  
We'll see her dressed in percale with a novel in her  
hand.  
And in her jaunty, talking dress she'll stroll along the  
sand ;  
And where the crowd is thickest in the summer hotel  
whirl  
Will bloom once more the beauty of the charming  
summer girl.

## III

With shining hair reflecting all the light of summer days,  
With ruddy cheeks and dimples we will learn anew her  
ways.  
Young Cupid will instruct us how to pierce the thin  
disguise  
Of maidenly restraint that hides the loving heart we  
prize.

And when once more we claim her as the summer's  
priceless pearl  
We'll hail the smiling features of the jolly summer  
girl.

### WHEN MY SHIP CAME IN

**M**Y ship came in one day,  
'Twas loaded to the rails,  
And I could scarcely keep away  
Until they furled the sails.

And then I sprang aboard,  
For I was mad to see  
Just what a yellow, golden hoard  
My ship had brought to me.

But sorrow's current deep  
Flowed o'er me as I gazed;  
As one awakened from a sleep  
I stood there, half amazed.

My ship was filled with tears  
And laughter—this more rare ;  
'Twas filled with idle hopes and fears  
And cases labeled "Care."

There were some grains of gold,  
Some copper coins likewise;  
But oh, the truth must now be told—  
My ship was not a prize.

And disappointment swift  
Was all my legacy;  
For all the things I'd set adrift  
My ship brought back to me!



## A WILLING INVALID

THERE are ailments rare and diseases new  
That please the fancy of fickle man;  
That only come to the favored few  
By some selective, exclusive plan.  
Yet among them all, as I live and move,  
I aver with pride that I only sigh  
For those two things that I crave and love—  
The coupon thumb and the ticker eye.

The ticker eye is a thing apart.

To me alone may it never come  
Without an escort! 'Twould break my heart!

It's only good with the coupon thumb.  
But when combined, they're a goodly pair;

This ailment mixed I would gladly try.  
I'd suffer and groan and learn to bear  
The coupon thumb and the ticker eye.

Appendicitis is getting trite;

The halting measures of gout I scorn;  
The "lover's arm" is a modern blight,  
And the "husband neck" is a thing forlorn.  
For me neurosis is too morose.

I can spare all these, but before I die  
I long for a generous, lifelong dose  
Of the coupon thumb and the ticker eye.





IN LOVE.

## IN LOVE

**I** KNOW she is a born coquette,  
In fact she told me so ;  
And yet I cannot help but be  
In love with her, you know.

She often treats me shabbily  
And makes me feel quite small ;  
And yet, somehow, I cannot help  
But love her, after all.

She knows I am her slave, and so,  
When other men are by,  
She likes to order me about  
And rules me with her eye.

And yet I love her just the same,  
And humor all her freaks.  
And who has better right to love  
My bride of just three weeks ?

## ALL READY

**S**HE was a printer's daughter fair.  
He was her lover true.  
Said he : " You are the type for me.  
I'll always stick to you.

" I've had a chase; -but now, my own,  
My take's revised, I guess,  
And now that love is justified,  
Why, let us go to press."

The maiden hung her shapely head  
And whispered in his ear,  
While both her cheeks turned rosy red,  
" The form is ready, dear."

## HER EXCUSE

**S**HE stood at the gate, quite free from sin,  
A blue-eyed maiden, fair to see.

“ Oh, good St. Peter, I want to come in,  
But I haven't a thing to wear,” said she.

“ So I observe,” said the goodly Saint,  
“ But never you mind one bit, my dear.

You needn't blush, or you needn't faint,  
The girls all dress alike in here.

“ But tell me, how came you in this sad plight?”

The maiden sighed, and she hung her head,  
While the pearly tears fast bedimmed her sight,

“ I died in my bathing suit,” she said.

## TO A FAIR DESERTER

**W**HEN in the autumn days long fled  
I talked of love to you,  
You did not turn away your head  
As sometimes now you do.

And when my kisses pressed your lips,  
Around my neck you'd twine  
Your arms. But now your finger-tips  
Are all I claim as mine.

Oh, can it be that love grows cold  
As you grow older, dear,  
And that the story now is old  
That was so new last year?

No ! It's not this. 'Tis other men  
That claim you now the more,  
For you were twenty-seven then,  
But now—you're twenty-four.

# THE EDUCATED WIFE

(THE LAY OF A HUSBAND)

**B**EHOLD! A daughter of the gods,  
Superb, divinely tall:  
One whom the parent earth applauds,  
And one who knows it all.  
Expert in lofty cerebration  
The girl who has an education !  
It's true, of course, she cannot cook—  
Such gross details she scorns.  
Her mind serene, above a book  
The lettered air adorns.  
Dish washing's *not* her occupation:  
Pray note! She has an education.  
Who dares to hint that she is dense!  
No doubt, in household thrift  
She lacks uncommon common sense  
(They say she lets things drift).  
Yet why this base insinuation ?  
For *hasn't* she an education ?  
Come, learned one, and play to me  
In true Beethoven pose.  
Come, coach me in philosophy!  
The cook who comes and goes,  
Is quite beneath your observation—  
For haven't you an education?  
Cold be the plates, and colder still  
The soup that in them stands;  
But as for us, we'll take our fill  
From bards in foreign lands.  
Who cares for coarse assimilation  
So long as you've an education ?



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*G.D. G.*

THE EDUCATED WIFE.

So come and be my brainy wife  
Who never sews nor sweeps :  
Whose mind, though in the higher life,  
Still dwells in classic deeps.  
What's food beside the conversation  
Of her who has an education ?  
And as I rock the babe to rest  
Each night, I'll drop a tear  
Of joy to think she's off the nest;  
And croon: " Oh, baby dear,  
I thank the Lord of all creation  
Your mother has an education!"

### ONLY SIX MONTHS MORE

**S**IX months from now I shall pay all bills;  
Of this there can be no question.  
And I'm sure that about that time I'll be  
Relieved of this indigestion.  
Six months from now in the bank I'll place  
The cash that I've been saving,  
For by that time I am sure I'll be  
A way to fortune paving.  
Six months from now (or about that time)  
I shall quit the habit of smoking,  
And that is the time my life will be  
A continual round of joking.  
That is the time (six months from now)  
When I shall not have to hurry.  
All things being adjusted, why then  
There'll be no cause for worry.  
Six months from now! Oh, glorious time!  
Am I impatient ? Never!  
For this glorious time I'll wait and wait,  
If I have to wait forever.



AN OLD PORTRAIT.



# ON LOOKING AT AN OLD PORTRAIT

(A CHRISTMAS REVERIE)

O PRISCILLA, Puritan  
Looking from thy faded frame,  
Would I might a century span  
Backward, heart aflame.

How the present I'd forego,  
With its wondrous stride,  
If o'er old New England's snow  
I with thee might glide.

Maiden, is thy heart as fresh  
Now, as it was then?  
If so, let me quit this flesh,  
Soar and soar again—

Till, far in the wide expanse  
Where the planets roll,  
I, ethereal, longing, chance  
On thy spotless soul.

Then (as I am doing now)  
With far greater bliss,  
Let me on thy spirit brow  
Press a Christmas kiss.

--

## AFTERWARDS

AS I lay dead one day,  
With all the people round,  
“Poor boy!” I heard one say:  
“He’ll soon be underground.”

“How natural he looks,”  
Another said. “Poor lad!  
He was so fond of books—  
He borrowed all I had.”

Another: “Poor, dear soul!  
He loved my dinners so!  
How sad! Yet on the whole  
’Twas best that he should go.”

Another: “Ah, so young!  
So hard it is to think  
His song was left unsung—  
They say he used to drink.”

Another: “He *was* bright!  
How pitiful to fling  
Such gifts away. He might  
Have done some clever thing.”

And still another groaned  
As in his chair he sank:  
“His loss will be bemoaned—  
They say he was a crank.”

As I lay dead one day,  
While waiting for the hearse,  
I couldn’t help but say:  
“*This* might have been much worse.”

## HARD

**I** WROTE some foolish verses once  
On love. Unhappy churl!  
The metre makes me shudder still,  
I sent them to a girl.

I know that girl, and if I should,  
Like Byron, wake some day  
To find Fame written on my brow,  
She'd give those lines away.

So now I have to watch myself  
Each hour. Oh, hapless plight !  
For if I should be great, of course,  
Those lines would come to light.

## AN ADAPTABLE POEM

**T**HEY stood beside the open grate  
(For summer substitute a gate) :  
She was a blonde (if you prefer,  
Why, make a brunette out of her).  
He spoke of love (they all do that),  
And she ? Her heart went pit-a-pat.  
The speed, why yourself can fix,  
From seventy up to ninety-six.  
She hung her head, she blushed, she sighed,  
She laughed ; or possibly she cried.  
Just take your choice and have her do  
Precisely as you wish her to.  
She did et cetera until  
Her George, or Jack, or Jim, or Will,  
Or any name you like the best :  
But why go on ? You know the rest.



ABSURD.

## ABSURD

“**D**O you recall,” he said, “the night  
I kissed you, sweetheart—so—  
And how you blushed, although the light  
Was turned so very low ?

“It was the first kiss that I gave,  
And, though 'twas hard to see,  
Upon your face the crimson wave  
Was, oh, so plain to me.

“But when I kiss you now—each cheek,  
Although there's light to spare,  
Has parted from the thing I seek—  
No telltale blush is there.

“I wonder why it is ? ” “My dear,”  
She answered, with a smile,  
“Would you have me, while you are here,  
A-blushing all the while ? ”

## TO MABEL

**M**ABEL, thy heart's like frosted glass  
Whereon my name I write,  
For when the sun shines through, alas!  
It fades from mortal sight.

Mabel, this shall not be some day.  
A dozen suns may shine  
And yet they shall not melt away  
That modest name of thine.

Next time I'll try some other grace  
Than true love's erring art,  
For with a diamond ring I'll trace  
My name upon thy heart.

## THE SAME GIRL

THE sudden strain of an old refrain  
Will oftentimes reveal,  
Like a flash at night, some previous plight—  
And this is the way I feel.

Ages ago, I somehow know  
That I was a crocodile,  
And I frittered away the livelong day  
On the banks of the ancient Nile.

And it seems that there, 'neath the burning glare  
Of the sun on its daily track,  
As I idly strayed, I was loved by a maid  
With a corrugated back.

I died, and then, incarnate again,  
I passed to another life—  
In the form of an ape my brain took shape,  
And I lived with a chattering wife.

In a later span I became a man,  
And a web of love I spun;  
Yet I feel it's true that the girl I woo  
To-day, is the selfsame one

Who in ages past with my lot was cast,  
For I often hear her declare—  
As they have done since the world begun—  
“I haven't a thing to wear!”

## ENOUGH

**I** SHOT a rocket in the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where  
Until next day, with rage profound,  
The man it fell on came around.  
In less time than it takes to tell,  
He showed me where that rocket fell ;  
And now I do not greatly care  
To shoot more rockets in the air.



## THE FAIRIES' CHRISTMAS BALL

ONE night from all the elfin world  
There came, bright-eyed and dew-empearled,  
A host of laughter-loving sprites,  
From shady glen and lofty heights,  
From grassy covert, leafy shade,  
From bog and meadow, forest glade  
Where roses bloom and nettles sting,  
Where winter ever yields to spring,  
They came, with elfin gladness all,  
To take part in the fairies' ball.  
Between two massive, monarch oaks  
They pranced and cracked their elfin jokes.  
Bare were the trees and snow lay thick  
Where skipped with shriek and sportive trick,  
The tiny band, and round and round  
They spun upon the whitened ground.

Then spake up one among the throng.  
Quoth he: "Let joy to us belong!  
Yet ere our elfin romp be past,  
And ere to-morrow's sun shall cast  
Its slanting rays on crystal snow,  
Let some fond token upward go  
Through circling air to dizzy heights  
Beyond the gleam of Christmas lights,  
And there, cloud-wreathed in splendor, pause—  
A gift to good, old Santa Claus.  
To him who spreads around such joy  
Let us present an elfin boy."

Quick through the circling ranks there rung  
The accents of his silver tongue,  
And quick, two fairy wings took flight,  
And bore between them through the night



The fairies' gift to him who knows  
So well the joy a gift bestows.

This happened years ago, and now  
The elfin boy bears on his brow  
The word "Successor"—happy elf!—  
Writ there by Santa Claus himself.

Dear children, if you hear it said  
Some day that Santa Claus is dead,  
Remember that this elfin child  
Immortal, nor by time beguiled,  
Remains to visit you each year  
Down chimney-flue with Christmas cheer;  
Remains to shed through every hall  
A Merry Christmas unto all.

### A CONDITION

I'M looking for some pretty girl  
Of modest, quiet mien,  
Who dresses well, knows how to spell  
And has a wit that's keen.

I want no fickle weather-vane  
That turns with every wind,  
I think a blonde would suit me best—  
She must be swell, refined.

She must be constant as a star,  
No meteor would do,  
And, like her own sweet little self,  
Her grammar must be true.

Yet more. If she would be with me,  
(Excuse the slang), right "in it,"  
She must be able to take down  
One hundred words a minute.

## A WANT

**W**ANTED : a muse content to sit  
Until I have the time ;  
Who will not, with the shadows, flit  
Away when I would rhyme.  
A muse that has her evenings in  
And has no Sundays out ;  
And one who is not pale and thin—  
Far better, one who's stout.

Wanted : a muse who can keep house—  
Who's willing and demure ;  
Who'll run the place the while my spouse  
Is on a lecturing tour.  
A muse of inspiration strong,  
Who'll all my weakness brook,  
And who'll incite me all day long—  
Likewise, one who can cook.

Wanted : a muse quite versatile ;  
Good wages will I pay  
Unto the one who fills the bill—  
I want her right away.  
Willing to work both day and night,  
And double will her pay be  
If she can only, while I write,  
Learn how to hush the baby.



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## BETTER STILL

**W**ITHIN her home soft tints abound  
In blessed harmony,  
Luxurious chairs are scattered round,  
And books one loves to see.

Pictures and rugs that never tire ;  
An air that's pure, refined,  
All that the heart may well desire  
Within her home I find.

And so I ponder hour by hour  
The problem, Which is right ?  
How can I pluck this sunlit flower  
And take it from the light ?

I think of my own humble cot,  
Sweet girl! She does not know  
How much she'll miss the dear old spot  
When she has left it. No!

This sacrifice she shall not make!  
Although she may prefer  
In innocence this step to take,  
I'd rather live with her.



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TRANSFORMATION.

## TRANSFORMATION

ONE evening as they stood beneath  
The moon's soft rays so pale,  
Moved by an impulse born of love,  
He kissed her through her veil.

Next evening, as before, they stood  
Beneath the star-flecked dome,  
Yet not exactly as before—  
She'd left her veil at home.

## LOVE'S ROUND

'T WAS early dawn when Love arose,  
His day's work to begin;  
Disdaining any thought of clothes,  
Straightway he started in.

Two children, as they lay asleep,  
Love touched and made them smile;  
And with one who had cause to weep  
He paused a little while.

Where Poverty hung like a pall  
He made his joyous way,  
And those who sought him least of all  
Love found and blessed, that day.

Love dallied with the heart of age,  
He went where he'd been spurned;  
For him the bookworm from his page  
Rose up, and ne'er returned.

But when within a home of wealth  
Love heard two lovers sigh,  
This inconsistent little elf  
With scorn just passed them by!



## MY COMRADE

I HAVE a comrade, bright and sweet;  
She interests me more  
Than other girls I chance to meet,  
Who think me oft a bore.

Next to my heart she occupies  
A place that is unique;  
She looks at me with laughing eyes  
No matter how I speak.

And when I crack a joke and wink,  
As great men sometimes do,  
To see her smile, you'd really think  
She thought that joke was new!

To me she always is the same,  
Unlike some girls I know,  
Who talk and talk, she's never tame  
No matter where we go.

She's mine! Yet sadly do I trace  
These lines. I cannot laugh,  
For deep within my new watch-case,  
She's but a photograph.

## A TRAGEDY

'T WAS Christmas Eve, the month was May,  
She wore her father's gown;  
The reins beyond the horses lay,  
The sleigh was upside down.

They sped across the boiling snow,  
Above the sun's cold glare;  
The little birds, above, below,  
Were walking through the air.

The jangling sleigh-bells made no sound,  
The horses backward flew;  
The cows were lowing underground,  
The trees all downward grew.

'Twas high noon, and the moonbeams played,  
The clouds to dust all ran;  
He was a winsome, pretty maid,  
She was a big, strong man.

He softly said, yet did not speak :  
" I hate you! Marry me."  
She laughed, as tears ran down her cheek:  
" I love you. No !" said she.

This sad event, which is, or was,  
Or may be, must appall!  
I know it happened, just because  
I was not there at all.



## MEN ARE DECEIVERS EVER

(BEFORE THE CEREMONY)

- “**T**EN minutes more, and I shall be  
Her husband. What a feeling!  
Ah, minutes! short you seem to me—  
I hear the organ pealing.
- “So short they seem! I’ve had my fling,  
And now the time is going.  
Old man, be sure you’ve got that ring—  
The church is overflowing.
- “Ah, coward soul, this is the test!  
I must not keep her waiting.  
I wonder if it’s for the best?  
I feel I’m hesitating.
- “Of course I love her. I would take  
An oath on that, by Heaven!  
And yet—it may be a mistake.  
Come! there’s the signal given.”

AFTER

*(In the carriage)*

- “At last, my darling, you are mine.  
I feel like—yes—like shouting!  
And you? A tear? Am I not thine?  
How can you, dear, be doubting?”



## JOGITY JOG

HERE we go, jogity jog,  
Running humanity's race ;  
Blinded sometimes by the fog,  
Getting behind in the chase.  
Then, with ambition agog,  
Keeping well up to our pace.  
Here we go, jogity jog,  
Running humanity's race.

Stretches and stretches of work ;  
Then a bright moment or so ;  
Far above shadows that lurk  
Down in the regions below.  
Then the machine slips a cog,  
Back we fall into disgrace.  
Here we go, jogity jog,  
Running humanity's race.

Moments of passion and doubt ;  
Moments of love and of fear ;  
Sometimes the lights are all out,  
Then again heaven is here.  
Sometimes we slip in the bog ;  
Then we are back in our place.  
Here we go, jogity jog,  
Running humanity's race.

Here we go, jogity jog,  
Running humaniry's race ;  
Blinded sometimes by the fog,  
Getting behind in the chase.  
Never mind troubles that clog ;  
Sing as we keep up the pace !  
Here we go, jogity jog,  
Running humanity's race.



NOT THE SAME GIRL.

## NOT THE SAME GIRL

“DO you remember, dear,” he wrote,  
“ ’Twas just one year ago,  
When I kissed you so fervently  
Beneath the mistletoe ?

“ I wonder if you’ve quite forgot ;  
Or if it is a bore  
Now to recall, that on that spot  
I took—well, several more.

“ Since then I have not seen you, dear :  
You know I’ve been away ;  
And other loves, maybe, have come  
And veiled from you that day.

“ But your sweet face is just as fresh  
As when I saw you last.  
I hear your voice—it thrills me still  
As in that hour long past.

“ Say, sweetheart, are you just the same  
Since time has taken flight  
And we stood heart to heart ? If so,  
Then bid me come to-night.”

“ Dear sir,” she wrote, “ I’m in receipt  
Of yours of even date.  
It would be quite impossible  
To see you as you state.

“ I am engaged to-night.” But if  
Some striking truths you’d hear :  
I send with this two tickets to  
My talk on ‘ Woman’s Sphere.’ ”

## THE ROMANCE OF A BUTTON

**H**E was about to say adieu,  
Was thinking of some word to flatter,  
When from his overcoat there flew  
A button with a dismal clatter.

He blushed, but she with woman's tact,  
As if she saw a good joke in it,  
Cried laughingly : " There now, I'll act  
Your tailor's part, for just a minute."

He doffed the coat and watched her thread  
The needle with her head low bending ;  
" Now, do you know," he softly said,  
" I have an awful lot of mending.

" A bachelor, we'll say, like me  
Is at the mercy of his tailor.  
And then there's something else, you see."  
(At this, he turned a trifle paler.)

" My heart needs mending much, I fear.  
Do you suppose that you could do it?"  
" Well, I don't know," she mused, " but, dear,  
I'll give my whole attention to it."

## LOVE'S LESSON

**S**HE set fire to my heart and fled—  
Incendiary maid !  
The flames throughout the structure spread  
And left me all dismayed.  
Yet now with fear no more I start—  
Cupid, contractor, came.  
He's built for me a fire-proof heart  
Impervious to flame.

## HIS QUEST

From the icebergs of Alaska  
To the sands of Madagascar,  
    From New Mexico to Asia traveled he ;  
And he mingled with the dandies  
Of the isle, Juan Fernandez,  
    And he hung around the maidens of the South Pa-  
        cific sea.

Down in Zanzibar and Ceylon  
Every girl he saw he'd steal on,  
    And their colors ranged from ebony to cream ;  
He smoked cigarettes in Turkey,  
Till his brain grew dull and murky,  
    And he scaled the Himalayas for the object of his  
        dream.

With a big and mighty yearning  
Was his youthful heart a-burning,  
    And he longed to meet a maiden that would do.  
For he knew the girl he wanted,  
And with spirit all undaunted  
    He traveled and he traveled every town and country  
        through.

He patrolled the streets of Paree  
Seeking one that he might marry ;  
    And he sat upon St. Peter's steps for days ;  
He learned how to flirt in Florence,  
While the rain came down in torrents,  
    And the beauties of Vienna filled him wholly with  
        amaze.

In old Germany and Russia  
He learned how to be a " crusher,"  
    And he hung on Ireland's apron-strings for weeks ;

Then he walked down Piccadilly  
And the Strand till he grew silly,  
And he felt himself encouraged by the British girls'  
fine cheeks.

But, alas! when he had sought her  
Over land and over water,  
Still he felt the same old longing as before,  
So he came back home without her  
Did this home-sick, love-sick doubter  
And he found the girl he wanted lived the second  
house next door.

### AN IMPOSSIBLE GIRL

ONCE I adored a pretty girl  
Of most angelic mien.  
Her hair was never out of curl;  
Her wit was ever keen;  
Her eyes "reflected heaven's blue;"  
Her talk was never dull,  
And as I studied her she grew  
Quite "strangely beautiful."  
Her "bosom heaved," her heart was stirred  
Whene'er her ear was lent,  
And when sweet words of love she heard  
Her color "came and went."  
Her form was "half divine;" her smile  
Was "limpid" as could be;  
Of money she had such a pile  
It seemed infinity.  
And yet I could not hope to win  
Her, though, as I have said,  
I loved her—for she dwelt but in  
A novel that I read.



## DISILLUSIONMENT

*Along the road at eventide,  
With eager steps I swiftly stride,  
Until outside the trellised gate  
I pause, and for her coming wait.*

“**T**WO lions guard that sacred way ;  
Both sleep. And yet they tell me nay,  
For in that land I am unknown  
And I must stand outside—alone.

The sleepy sun creeps westward slow.  
Beneath the hedge the shadows grow.  
Above, a drowsy insect hums,  
I hear a sound—my angel comes.  
Across the lawn she lightly trips ;  
With scissors in her hand, she snips  
A pleading rosebud here and there  
(How joyfully its fate I'd share!)  
Until she strays—ah, can it be ?  
So close, so very close to me  
That as outside the hedge I stand  
I might reach through and touch her hand.  
She speaks. I know, alas! my guilt,  
If she should see me how I'd wilt!

“How glad I am that Vassar's done ;  
But didn't we have loads of fun !  
Well, never mind. That foolish Jack!  
I wish the fellow would come back.  
He swore he never would, but then  
They always do—these silly men.

“I'll give that gardener fits to-night,  
These roses are three shades too light ;  
But Phil, dear boy, won't notice that :  
A man in love is like a bat.  
Yet Jack would—dear, oh! dear,  
If he should come while Phil is here,  
Then there would be a jolly row!  
I'm glad Maud's gone to Europe now,  
She'd get Phil back into her net.  
Poor girl! She loves him so—and yet——”

*Along the road at eventide  
With dusty, tired feet I stride,  
And when I reach my hotel door  
I thank my stars I heard no more.*



## MY ORNAMENTS

**T**HERE hangs upon my papered wall  
A dainty little wooden plaque ;  
An artist has depicted there  
A sleek old cat, with eyes that stare,  
While just beneath, a quaint old scrawl  
Invites me now to "Scratch my back."  
Suspended from my brass gas-jet  
There hangs a box of brightest tin ;  
'Tis covered o'er with some soft stuff  
Of darkest red, relieved by buff.  
There are no matches there, and yet  
The artist tells me, "Seek within."  
Upon my razor's leathern case  
There is a gayly painted harp ;  
Entwined among its silent strings  
Three half-formed words, in rustic rings,  
Advise me, ere I hack my face,  
To use a strop and "Keep me sharp."  
These pretty things are very well,  
And yet I long for something more ;  
To me their artist never lent  
Enough, perhaps of sentiment ;  
I do not know—it's hard to tell—  
I bought them at a dollar store.

## NO !

**T**HE day that she said No to me I never shall  
forget,  
As now my mind reviews it with no traces of regret.  
My arm was twined around her waist, her lips were  
near to mine,  
And when she murmured No to me, I felt so won-  
drous fine !

Though Time shall dim my eyesight and shall turn  
my hair to snow,  
I never shall forget the day she softly murmured No.  
It may seem strange, and yet it is with fervor I confess  
I would not have that simple No once turned into a  
Yes.  
I looked into her earnest eyes, and in Love's tender  
tone  
I asked her if from that time forth she'd like to dwell  
alone,  
Content to live an old maid's life without my love ;  
and so  
You'll understand my feelings when she softly murmured No!

#### A WOMAN'S WAY

THEY sat together, side by side,  
Absorbed in Cupid's mission ;  
“ Dear John, please tell,” she softly cried,  
“ What was my pa's decision ? ”  
“ Alas ! ” said he, “ I greatly fear ”  
(His voice began to quaver)  
“ My suit is not regarded, dear,”  
(He heaved a sigh) “ with favor.  
“ Your pa says he can't see at all ”  
(He sadly smoothed her tresses)  
“ How I, with such an income small,  
“ Can even buy your dresses.”  
“ I think,” she answered (and her eye  
To his in trust was carried),  
“ I might lay in a good supply  
Before ” (she blushed) “ we're married.”

## A FEW WANTS

**W**ANTED : a kneepan smooth and hard,  
Unseamed, and a perfect fit;  
Prepared from stuff uncommonly tough  
That is warranted not to split.

Wanted : a brand-new set of ribs,  
Not made for vain display;  
Not twisted, torn, or warped and worn,  
But curved in the proper way.

Wanted : a pair of perfect ears—  
No fluted edges for me;  
An ear not ground, but round and sound  
As a real good ear should be.

Wanted : a face. I am not vain  
And a good plain face will do,  
That is not a sight—with the color white—  
For I'm tired of black and blue.

A man that's new I'll be once more  
When these parts are all here,  
And once again that auto then  
I'll try once more to steer.

## THE CAUSE

**H**IS gait is springy as he walks,  
His eye is beaming bright,  
He straightens up at times and stalks,  
Is this good man quite right?  
Is this the man who, some time since,  
Was meek as he could be?  
Who at a shadow mere would wince?  
It is, indeed—'tis he.

Then what a change! 'Tis Nature's trick  
That filled his face with joy.  
He takes you by the shoulder quick  
And murmurs, "It's a boy!"

## TOO MUCH

**S**HE had read in books of scientific lore  
Of the proper thing for babies, one or more.  
With a thirst for information she had studied incubation,  
and she read works on lactation by the score.

She declared that paregoric was a sin,  
And the cradle was no place to put babes in ;  
And she wrote for publication on pronounced regur-  
gitation, and she pled renunciation of the pin.

She had studied infants' cries and what they meant,  
And could locate pain whene'er the air was rent.  
She was up on imbibition and all manner of nutrition,  
and she was in deglutition confident.

But when her baby came she lost her head,  
And every night was heard her trembling tread ;  
And she got so agitated o'er each symptom indicated  
that her husband, man ill-fated, turned and fled!

## THE DYING BUZZER

**A** MOSQUITO of the legion lay dying in Mont-  
clair.

There was lack of strong men's cursing—shouts of  
vict'ry rent the air ;

And a comrade flew beside him, to hear what he  
might say

Ere he turned his billets skyward, in the keroseney way.  
And he spoke : " Oh, brother buzzer, I can scarce be-  
lieve it true

That the grand old State of Jersey would do this to  
me and you!

They've fought and bled for us so long, from count-  
less ages back,

Of gratitude it really shows a most unseemly lack

To turn the oil cans on us, when there mingles in our  
veins

The blood of their best families, in all their devious strains.

To think the good old health boards, all so friendly in  
the past,

Ignoring their traditions, should go back on us at last!

Why, we've made a reputation for the State in prose  
and rhyme

That will stand throughout the ages, to the last  
recorded time.

O Jersey, doubly base of you petroleum to try

And leave your household favorites to lie around and die.

But there's one thought sustains me ; to my dying  
hour it lends

The dignity of martyrdom. Not all in vain our ends!

For when we've all departed, with prophetic eye I see,

O Jersey, Jersey, Jersey, just how lonesome you will be!"



## DESOLATION

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw.  
And there throughout the livelong day,  
Jemima plays the pi-a-na.

Do, re, mi,

Mi, re, do.

In the front parlor, there it stands,  
And there Jemima plies her hands,  
While her papa beneath his cloak,  
Mutters and groans : “ This is no joke ! ”  
And swears to himself and sighs, alas !  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass.

Do, re, mi,

Mi, re, do.

Through days of death and days of birth  
She plays as if she owned the earth.  
Through every swift vicissitude  
She drums as if it did her good,  
And still she sits from morn till night  
And plunks away with main and might,

Do, re, mi,

Mi, re, do.

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted hospitality ;  
But that was many years before  
Jemima monkeyed with the score.  
When she began her daily plunk,  
Into their graves the neighbors sunk.

Do, re, mi,

Mi, re, do.

To other worlds they've long since fled,  
All thankful that they're safely dead.  
They stood the racket while alive  
Until Jemima rose at five.  
And then they laid their burdens down,  
And one and all they skipped the town.  
Do, re, mi,  
Mi, re, do.

### A FAIR RETURN

'T WAS after the play, as we bowled along  
In the carriage. Ah, how well  
There lingers now in my heart of hearts  
The magic of that spell !

I dared not speak in an uttered word  
The thought in my heart that night,  
But I gazed in her eyes and I felt she knew,  
And I thrilled with wild delight.

Then it was that I dared, as we sped along,  
To touch her hand with mine  
Under the robe, and I thrilled again  
With ecstasy divine.

And I pressed it gently. Alas for me !  
For later on, I own,  
I found I'd pressed not my dear one's hand,  
But that of her chaperon.

Oh, reader dear, pray blame me not,  
This shows in me no lack ;  
I squeezed the wrong hand, it is true ;  
But then, she squeezed mine back.

## HOW A VALENTINE IS WROUGHT

**H**AVE you ever stopped and thought  
How a valentine is wrought ?  
Little Cupid, sprightly elf,  
At this season shows himself.  
There are signs of him alway,  
But we catch a glimpse to-day  
Of the little fellow's work—  
And, indeed, he is no shirk.  
At all other times we know  
He is always "on the go ;"  
But to-day, 'tis plain to see,  
Little Cupid's on a spree.  
Weeks ago, in his spare time,  
He began composing rhyme ;  
Then before an easel staid  
Till his valentines were made.  
He distributes with great care  
Valentines for maidens fair.  
Little one, perhaps you ask :  
"Is this not a dreadful task  
For poor Cupid, all alone ?  
It would turn a heart of stone."  
Ah, but let me tell you, dear,  
A little bird breathed in my ear  
That young Cupid, in this plight,  
Blows a horn with all his might,  
And from every sylvan glen  
Come a host of little men.  
Each one to the task is bent,  
Thus the valentines are sent.

Is it not a pleasant thought  
How a valentine is wrought ?



## A WARNING

(AFTER READING THE YORKISH LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.)

**M**Y love puts powder on her face—  
I feel quite sure of this—  
For yesterday I dared to place  
Upon her cheek a kiss.

And shortly afterward I chanced  
Before a glass to walk,  
And as I viewed myself, I saw  
My lips were white as chalk.

Next time I catch you, Love, beware !  
I'll hold you close and then  
I'll kiss you on your ruby lips  
To turn mine red again.

## A CANDID LOVER

**I** MIGHT descant on her hazel eyes,  
Or her wondrous chestnut locks ;  
But I prefer in my practical way  
To write of her lovely stocks.

I might go mad o'er her peach-like cheeks,  
As red as they can be :  
But her collection of U. S. bonds  
Is what appeals to me.

I might on her beautiful hands hold forth  
In a lovesick mood elate :  
But my heart's most stirred when I hear accounts  
Of her heavenly real estate.

I might, on charms like these, and more  
Dwell long, but to me they're tame.  
I'd rather dwell in the brown-stone front  
That stands in her sweet name.



## HE TOOK HER

**S**HE was a maid of high degree,  
And quite severely proper.  
Each man she met, so proud was she,  
Would love, despair, then drop her.

But there remained without demur,  
When all the rest forsook her,  
An amateur photographer,  
And finally he took her.



### HOW SHE ACCEPTED HIM

“**I** LONGED to kiss you,” he softly said,  
“As we passed the turnpike, dear.”  
“Oh, that was the place,” and she tossed her head,  
“Where my saddle was out of gear.”

“How much I loved you I longed to tell,  
When we stopped at the inn, you know.”  
“Oh, that was the place,” and her glances fell,  
“Where my front wheel wobbled so.”

“And then, when we reached the clover farms,  
Under the old oak tree,  
I wanted to clasp you, sweet, in my arms,  
And ask you to marry me.”

And the maid, with her rapt gaze turned away,  
Blushed deep at his words of fire.  
“To think,” she said, “that I rode that day  
Ten miles on a punctured tire!  
“And so, with pleasure and real delight  
I note what your words reveal;  
For I’ve longed some time,” and she clasped him  
tight,  
“To ride on a brand-new wheel.”

## LONGINGS

I’D love to glide upon the ocean,  
Had I a yacht of steam.  
Of such expensive locomotion  
Is what I fondly dream.

I’d love to own a stud of horses—  
A thoroughbred, each one—  
And round and round the swift race-courses  
I’d love to see them run.

I’d love ten mansions for abiding  
Within, where’er I roam;  
Thus incidentally providing  
My servants with a home.

I’d love to have a paltry hundred  
Millions, more or less :  
Enough, when Uncle Sam has blundered,  
To fleece him in distress.

But one thing more is there presented,  
To which my fancy clings :  
I’d love to have a mind contented,  
In spite of all these things.

## ANONYMOUS

**I** WAS wrought by a maiden with beautiful hands,  
Who painted my sides in a day,  
And stitched me with silk and bedecked me with  
bands,  
And afterwards sent me away.

I went through the mail with her card in my grasp  
To a bachelor man who lived near,  
And when he beheld me he gave quite a gasp  
And sighed o'er the message of cheer

That she, with her dainty and feminine pen,  
Had written above her fair name ;  
And he looked me all over again and again  
With a look that was ever the same.

“ Oh, tell me,” he muttered, “ for I must reply  
To the one who has wrought with such grace,  
“ Are you to hold photos ? Are you a necktie ?  
Or are you a handkerchief case ?

“ Maybe you're a tool bag to tie on a wheel,  
Or a mat for a swell jardinière.  
Your name and vocation now straightway reveal.”  
And his voice was the voice of despair.

But how could I tell ? For she didn't tell me.  
So he wrote an acknowledgment fit  
To express his surprise and his absolute glee,  
And referred to me all through as “ it.”



MY DANCING GIRL.

## MY DANCING GIRL

**H**ER form is petite and her face is sweet,  
And her color comes and goes  
As she glides along through the merry throng,  
Like the red of a changing rose.  
She's never still and she makes me thrill  
As we swing in the waltz's whirl.  
But my heart? Ah, well! It's as sound as a bell,  
For she's only my dancing girl.

She is small and slight, but a wondrous sight  
Is the grace my maid displays  
As she moves so fleet with her rhythmic feet  
In the dance's rapt'rous maze.  
And I sometimes feel as her dark eyes steal  
To mine, and a golden curl  
Rests on my hand—well, you understand—  
But she's only my dancing girl.

Back of her face and her wondrous grace  
There's a womanly heart, maybe.  
Devotion all—a soul within call  
And a wealth of love for me.  
Yet I say “good-night” with a bow that's slight—  
“Good-night.” And you think me a churl  
To let her go? Well, maybe it's so,  
But—she's only my dancing girl.

## WHAT IT IS

JUST a little sunshine,  
Just a little rain,  
Just a freezing atmosphere,  
Then it's warm again.

Just a little hacking cough,  
With us for a day ;  
Just bronchitis, tonsillitis,  
Or pneumonia.

Just a little maiden,  
Just a word or two,  
Just a case of married life—  
That's the thing to do.

Just a lot of hungry mouths,  
Open night and day ;  
Just a hustle, brain and muscle,  
Countless bills to pay.

Just a few friends here and there,  
As things ebb and flow,  
Just a little lingering,  
As we see them go.

Just a little laughter,  
Just a little song ;  
Just a tired feeling,  
Lasting all life long.

Just a little sunshine,  
Just a little rain ;  
Just a sojourn here awhile,  
Then we're off again.



## THE STUPID MAN

WITH scorn that was perceptible, she was, she said, quite skeptical of youths who were susceptible to *every* girl they met.

At first to be invincible was better as a principle. For hearts so soon convincing would easily forget.

The question of proximity was one of unanimity—should wait for love's ultimity : to sit too close was wrong.

To kiss was indefensible ; 'twas *every* reprehensible—to her incomprehensible—she said in accents strong.

And then in half rigidity he bowed with grim stolidity and skipped with some rapidity. Alone, her soul was stirred.

Her eyes assumed liquidity. To *think* of his timidity! That he, with *such* stupidity, should take her at her word!

?

DEAR one, if every kiss of mine  
Were but a snowflake, soft and fine,  
That falls quite noiseless on thy face  
And 'mong thy dimples finds a place ;  
Would you consent—I whisper low  
That other ears may never know  
The certain bliss that ours may be,  
If you but hearken unto me—  
Would you consent, my love most true,  
To let me be a drift to you?



HIS REASON.

## HIS REASON

- “ I’M going back to town,” he said.  
Spake the maiden, “ Say no more.”  
While the waves from the sea curled restlessly  
Over the whitened shore.
- “ You’re cruel and heartless and all things else,  
You’re a mean, old horrid thing!  
For you said you’d stay till I went away.  
There! I’ll give you back your ring.”
- “ I’m going back to town.” “ Enough!”  
She spake with a look of scorn.  
“ I’ll make you suffer, you poor old duffer,  
And sorry that you were born.
- “ You are going back to town, then go,  
There are other men as sweet!”  
And she quickly rose from her former pose,  
And moved away ten feet.
- “ I’m going back to town,” he said :  
“ Nay, dearest, hear me speak  
And don’t be rash—to get the cash  
To carry me through next week.”

## HER ANSWER

- I asked for a kiss and a cup of tea.  
She looked at me quite roguishly,  
And said—how can I quite forget?—  
“ I fear the *tea’s* not ready yet.”

## THE LAUGH THAT COMES WITH YEARS

**A**N old man, near the river's brink,  
Full tranquil in his teeming years,  
Laughed out, as one who stops to think,  
And dwells upon some chord that cheers.

His form was bent with age, and sere ;  
The gulf lay wide 'twixt him and birth :  
And yet his laugh rang loud and clear  
As from some new-found spring of mirth.

Before this wrinkled, merry wreck  
A youth who heard the sound amazed,  
Stopped short, his fiery steed in check,  
And long in wide-eyed wonder gazed.

“ Old man,” he said, “ thy laughter rings  
Upon my sad shield like a dart—  
What merry spirit in thee sings,  
That will not enter to my heart ?

“ Thy secret would I know.” Whereat  
The old man smiled : “ 'Twill come thy turn ;  
Thou art too young to laugh like that—  
I suffered all my life to learn.”

## THE TALKATIVE GIRL

**S**HE talks about the weather and she archly wonders whether it will rain when to the theatre she will go next week with me.

She says that she's been painting—feels quite weak, almost to fainting, but her tongue keeps right on moving just as lively as can be.

She asks if I'm a dancer—never stops to get an answer, but she tells me all excitement what exquisite times she had.

Asks me what I know of dresses, and in confidence confesses that the one she wore last evening was a fright and made her sad.

With nods she fairly bubbles, tells me all her girlish troubles and her tongue keeps on a-wagging with a never-ceasing flow.

And thus for hours I'm sitting with the golden moments flitting, for she will not let me tell her that I think I'd better go.

## JUST THE THING

**W**HEN I proposed she did not blush,  
And not one word she said.  
The maiden did not tell me yes—  
She simply shook her head.

She simply shook her head, and yet  
No man in all the town  
Could be more pleased than I was, for  
She shook it up and down.



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DECEMBER.

## DECEMBER

GO, melancholy!  
Away with thee!

Here's time of holly  
And Christmas glee.

Here's ruddy ember  
At close of day.

Here's blithe December  
To make us gay.

With cheeks a tingle  
We take the air ;  
And here's Kris Kringle  
Who bids us share

His teeming measure—  
Come, fill the bowl!  
We'll drink our pleasure  
With this kind soul.

December!—Smiling,  
We yield to thee :  
With hours beguiling  
Thy sway shall be

Complete. Come, whiten  
Thy fir-trimmed ways!  
With sleigh-bells brighten  
Thy frost-touched days.

May all thy mornings  
With brightness break :  
With glad adornings  
Thy shadows make ;

And in thy hallways,  
To crown our bliss,

May there be always  
A girl to kiss !

## A MODERN JOURNALIST

HE was up in mathematics, had a taste for hydrostatics and could talk about astronomy from Aristarchus down ;

He could tell what kind of beans were devoured by the Chaldeans, and he knew the date of every joke made by a circus clown.

He was versed in evolution and would instance the poor Russian as a type of despotism in the modern age of man ;

He could write a page of matter on the different kinds of batter used in making flinty gimcracks on the modern cooking plan.

He could revel in statistics, he was well up in the fistics, knew the pedigree of horses dating way back from the ark.

Far and wide his tips were quoted and his baseball stuff was noted. In political predictions he would always hit the mark.

He could write upon the tariff and he didn't seem to care if he was called off to review a book or write a poem or two ;

He could boil down stuff and edit, knew the value of a credit and could hustle with the telegraph in style excelled by few.

He could tell just how a fire should be handled ; as a liar he was sure to exercise a wise discriminative taste.



He was mild and yet undaunted, and no matter what  
was wanted he was always sure to get it first,  
yet never was in haste.

But despite his reputation as a brainy aggregation, he  
was known to be deficient in a manner to provoke,

For no matter when you met him he would borrow if  
you let him, and he seemed to have the faculty  
of always being broke.

## UNCHANGED

**S**INCERITY wrote "Fraud" upon Sham's face,  
And every worshipper that came  
With echoing heart each symbol learned to trace,  
Yet worshipped just the same!

## ON A SUMMER EVENING

'**T**WAS dark upon the balcony,  
I knew not what I did,  
The moon (may be conveniently)  
Behind a cloud was hid.

I only know, lured on by charms  
Quite dear to any man,  
I pressed a shirt-waist in my arms  
And kissed a coat of tan.



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### ANNABEL LEE UP TO DATE

'T WAS Christmas Eve in a brown-stone front,  
In the gloaming, as it should be,  
That a maiden stood, whom you all may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee.  
That wasn't her name, but it's all the same  
To anyone else but me.

And over her head, as the maiden stood,  
In a manner quite negligentlee,  
Was a mistletoe branch, not placed there by chance,  
But rather by Annabel Lee.  
If you knew her as well as I, you could tell  
That she did it while waiting for me.

Her parents at that hour were out of the way ;  
This she said in her innocent glee,  
And the place it was free, not only for me,  
But also for Annabel Lee.  
Which was not a mishap, but really a snap,  
As you all will doubtless agree.

Of course, in a case like this, which was  
A case of necessitee,  
There really was only one thing to do,  
And I did it incessantlee ;  
Thus constantly kissing, and never once missing  
The lips of sweet Annabel Lee.

'Twas but the beginning, and all things end,  
As this did eventuallee.  
Her father was wealthy, while I was broke,  
Which did not come home to me  
Until I was shaken, before being taken,  
By the beautiful Annabel Lee.

This happened some time ago, and now,  
In her kingdom by the sea,  
Sweet Annabel sits, while her lord has fits,  
Due to many and many a spree.  
And I, all alone on my bachelor throne,  
Quite pity sweet Annabel Lee.

## THE SERENADER

“**D**EAR psychic one, if you’re inclined,  
Outside with me repair ;  
Come, leave thy mortal frame behind,  
And join me in the air.

“Near by, my astral body waits  
Impatiently for thee ;  
Float out, dear one, and let the Fates  
Deal well to-night by me.

“Come, let us roam through starry space,  
By planets let us stray ;  
A psychic path of joy let’s trace  
While comets light our way.”

He ceased. The psychic maid inside  
Quite firmly shook her head.

“I thank you, but I cannot glide  
To-night with you,” she said.

“A fleshly fellow waits below ;  
My astral’s not in trim ;  
Besides, I think I’d rather go  
And see a play with him.”

## DEFIED

“**Y**OU cannot kiss me, sir,” she said.  
Quoth he, with manly grace,  
“I think I can” ; and then with ease  
His lips quick touched her face.

“You dreadful thing!” she sputtered out.  
“My rage I can’t contain;  
But I’ll just tell you this, so there!  
You can’t do so again.”

## LONELY

“ I SEND you, dear ” (he wrote), “ to-day  
Two tickets to the matinée.  
I can’t attend myself, you know,  
I’m busy with my work, and so  
Just keep for me the empty place  
And let your own sweet fancy trace  
The outline of my form, my dear,  
As though I were with you, not here—  
And then, as o’er my desk I bend  
This afternoon a joy will lend  
Itself unto these figures grim.  
In place, I’ll see your figure trim,  
And though we are apart, ’tis true,  
Yet I’ll be at the play with you.”

She read, then seized a pen in hand  
And wrote : “ Dear George, I cannot stand  
The matinée alone. Come, pray,  
Or ever after stay away.”

The moral of this tale, alack!  
Is this : The sender’s name was Jack.

## DEPTHS

WITHIN her starry eyes, maybe  
There shines a sweet divinity,  
And yet within them seems to dwell,  
For me, at times, a taste of hell.

## SHE DIDN'T LIKE MEN

**S**HE said the men were “ Horrid ! ” with an energy  
emphatical  
And built upon a very dreadful plan ;  
And when one jarred upon her, with a gesture quite  
dramatical,  
She said : “ Well, if that isn’t like a man ! ”

Their manners were so rough, she said with voice al-  
most hysterical,  
They were so big and vulgar, she declared  
They made her very ill ; and thus, with adjectives  
numerical,  
She rattled on—not one of them she spared.

Until there came a fellow with a proposition practical  
That made her cheeks turn very, very red.  
“ You can have me,” she said to him with pout that  
was attractical,  
“ But—I wish you weren’t a horrid man ! ” she  
said.

## STRANGE

**I**T would be strange, my dearest girl, to see,  
When I walk unobserved, alone with thee,  
The tell-tale blush that, mantling o’er thy cheek,  
Reveals thy heart’s response to words I speak.  
It would be strange if anything I said  
Could paint thy cheek with hue of living red  
That could be seen. Not that each whispered word  
Would not stir up emotion soon as heard.  
But that no tell-tale blush could hope to break  
Through that bright carmine coat of thine own make !



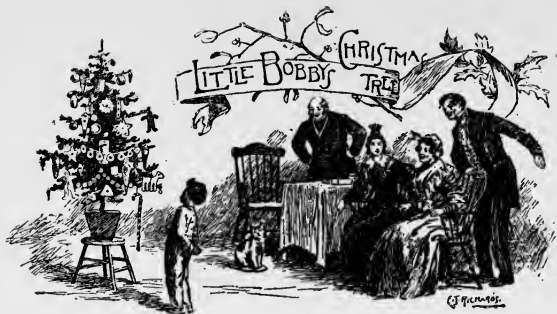
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## ANGELINA

WHEN Angelina graces  
My presence with her smile,  
My heart's removed from traces  
Of every sort of guile.

I feel myself uplifted  
From sordidness and sin.  
To heavens above I've drifted,  
All purity within.

And in such pleasant places  
I linger for a while :  
When Angelina graces  
My presence with her smile.



## LITTLE BOBBY'S CHRISTMAS TREE

**L**ITTLE Bobby never had a Christmas tree afore  
 Until his pa, he got one at ther grocery store ;  
 And Christmas Eve, when Bobby lay all tucked snug  
 up in bed,  
 An' pleasant dreams o' Santa Claus wuz floatin'  
 through his head,  
 Little Bobby's father brought the tree in from outside,  
 And then his ma fur 'bout an hour her busy fingers  
 plied  
 Er fixin' up ther tree ter make it bright ez it could  
 be,  
 Until it wuz er purty sight as you could wish ter see;  
 With candy bags an' popcorn, too, stuck up on every  
 limb,  
 An' lots o' lovely things ter make yer eyes jest swim.  
 Wall, I wuz there that mornin' when ther little cuss  
 awoke—  
 Ther little feller so tuk back that nary word he spoke—



Jest walked around and round that tree, er taking it all  
in,  
An' we all keeping jest as quiet—yer might have  
heard a pin.  
And then he spoke up solemn like, an' to his pa, sez  
he:  
“ I wonder, pa, if there is seed er growin' on that  
tree ?  
Has Santa Claus left any there, do you suppose, to-  
day ?  
'Cause if he has, I'd like ter go an' plant some right  
away.”

## A MODERN COURTSHIP

**H**E bought her tons of caramels and gallons of ice-  
cream;  
He sent her novels by the score and papers by the  
ream;  
He lavished on her costly flowers of every scent and  
hue;  
And took her out to drive each day upon the avenue;  
He mortgaged all his furniture and stood in line all day!  
Because she said she'd like to hear Italian op-er-a.  
He opened up a long account with Tiffany & Co.,  
And drew his salary ahead about a year or so;  
And when he had things all arranged to pop as he had  
planned,  
Another fellow came along and married her off hand.



THE KISS.

## THE KISS

“ **W**HAT other men have dared, I dare,”  
He said. “ I’m daring, too :  
And tho’ they told me to beware,  
One kiss I’ll take from you.

“ Did I say one ? Forgive me, dear ;  
That was a grave mistake,  
For when I’ve taken one, I fear,  
One hundred more I’ll take.

“ ’Tis sweet *one* kiss from you to win,  
But to stop there ? Oh, no !  
One kiss is only to begin ;  
There is no end, you know.”

The maiden rose from where she sat  
And gently raised her head :  
“ No man has ever talked like that—  
You may begin,” she said.

## HER INVITATION

**I**N the parlor they were sitting—  
Sitting by the firelight’s glow,  
Quickly were the minutes flitting,  
Till at last he rose to go.

With his overcoat she puttered,  
From her eye escaped a tear—  
“ Must you go so soon ? ” she muttered,  
“ Won’t you stay to breakfast, dear ? ”



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## TO A MODERN MAID

**A** THOUSAND dim ancestral beings, nay,  
A thousand thousand more, and who shall  
say

How many more than these, have trod this sphere  
To make you what you are to-day, my dear.

And yet I count it not too much, when I  
Your calmly serious face to fathom try,  
Nor think the sacrifice too great to tell—  
They've done their work so wisely and so well!

## A GREAT RELIEF

“ I KNOW just what I would do,” he said,  
“ If I were in your place, dear.  
With the stars all out and the moon overhead  
And only one other near.

“ You are going away to the big hotel  
By the side of the sounding sea ;  
What thoughts of others—ah ! who can tell,  
Will usurp your thoughts of me !

“ I know just what *I* would do, my dear,  
And it makes me tremble for you ;  
In human weakness we’re all quite near,  
And I know just what *I* would do.

“ I would make the most of the time I had ;  
I would flirt the livelong day ;  
And that is the reason it makes me sad  
To think *you*’re going away.”

The maiden sat as one in a dream,  
But she gave no deep-drawn sigh :  
And he looked in vain for the jealous gleam  
He longed to see in her eye.

“ Dear boy,” she said, as she took his hand,  
“ I’m glad to the point of bliss  
(For I feared that you might not understand)  
That you know me as well as this.”

## WHEN I GET TIME

WHEN I get time—  
I know what I shall do :  
I'll cut the leaves of all my books  
And read them through and through.

When I get time—  
I'll write some letters then  
That I have owed for weeks and weeks  
To many, many men.

When I get time—  
I'll pay those calls I owe,  
And with those bills, those countless bills,  
I will not be so slow.

When I get time—  
I'll regulate my life .  
In such a way that I may get  
Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time—  
Oh glorious dream of bliss!  
A month, a year, ten years from now—  
But I can't finish this—  
I've no more time.













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